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LETTERS

...W...

I whole-heartedly thank you for your re-
sponse to the article "A Profile: The Phy-
sician as Healer." (Special Issue #5, Summer 1976.)
I have Multiple Sclerosis and have been seeing Dr.
Kaslow for over a year. I want to say that I feel the
Dr. Laurence R. Pearson, did a beautiful job —
I have thought that no one would have been
able to come close to doing Dr. Kaslow justice.
The article showed the kind, compassionate and
knowledgeable man Dr. Kaslow is.

I would say the only reason I'm able to
enjoy the exceptionally active life I'm
living today is because I've had the incredible ex-
perience of meeting Dr. Kaslow. I'm employed as
a nurse in a local city jail and am a 29-year-old
mother. I also am now engaged in study-
ing tap, ballet, acrobatics and

...that because you ran the article, many
people that have been delegated to the pile of
... — and I know all too well how
... — will be able to find some real

...so very much.

...Sunlap,
...CA

...TRIES...

...#5 was excellent, especially the article
... "The Physician as Healer."

...were also interesting; I can
... to go to Santa Barbara and try some
... restaurants!

...M. Heimlich,
...CA

...IONS...

...with interest your (Laurence R. Pear-
son) article entitled "The Architecture of Santa
Barbara" which appeared in Special Issue #6. May
... attention a correction you may wish

to make on page 39 regarding the architect of the
cadet chapel at West Point and the "Cathedral of
Maryland in Baltimore." By the latter, I presume
you refer to the Roman Catholic Cathedral on
Cathedral Street built in the early 19th century.
This cathedral was designed by Benjamin Henry
Latrobe (1764-1820) and the Encyclopaedia Bri-
tannica, vol. 13, p. 795, has this to say about him:

"...the neoclassical Roman Catholic cathe-
dral in Baltimore, Maryland, would suffice
to establish him as the first United States
architect of international stature."

The article mentions also that he designed the
Bank of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, and that
"...after the Capitol was burned by the British in
1814, he was recalled to Washington to rebuild it."

As for the cadet chapel at West Point, this very
famous edifice was designed by Ralph Adams
Cram, who considered it his masterpiece.

Julia Elizabeth, S.H.N.,
St. Mary's Retreat House,
Santa Barbara

MR. PEARSON REPLIES:

I should have specified more clearly in my article that Mr.
Goodhue's designs for the Cathedral of Maryland, while quite
renowned, were never executed. As for the cadet Chapel at
West Point, Sister Elizabeth is in error in attributing this
work to Ralph Adams Cram. There is no doubt that it was
designed by Mr. Goodhue and built to his specifications. Mr.
Goodhue was a partner of the firm of Cram, Goodhue & Fer-
guson in Boston. Mr. Cram, writing in Bertram Grosve-
nor Goodhue—Architect and Master of Many
Arts (published by the American Institute of Architects in
1925 as a memorial to Mr. Goodhue), states:

After the winning of the West Point Compe-
tition in 1903, an office was opened in New
York and Bertram took charge of this, trans-
ferring his residence to that city... St. Tho-
mas's was of course the result of intimate
cooperation, and the same was in a measure
true of West Point, though here the various
buildings were divided between the two offi-
ces, the Chapel, for instance emanating from
New York, the Post Headquarters and Rid-
ing Hall from Boston.

The booklet, The Cadet Chapel, United States Mil-
itary Academy, published at West Point in 1953 states on
page 64: "The Cadet Chapel was designed by Bertram G.
Goodhue of the architectural firm of Cram, Goodhue and Fer-
guson..." Finally, the current edition of the Encyclopaedia
Britannica under the article, "Architectural Render-
ings" publishes Mr. Goodhue's drawing of the Chapel,
attributing the structure solely to him.

Laurence R. Pearson



John Ashpool

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The Place Called Hollister Ranch

by Jan Hansen-Gates

Photography by
Henry L. Fechtman

Once it was a developer's dream and an environmentalist's nightmare. Recently it has been described as a slumbering giant, an onshore island, a paradise for the rich. There are gaps in its history and its evolution has been frequently shrouded; but anyone who has ever touched The Hollister would clearly agree that it is twice blessed by Mother Nature.

Technically, the Hollister Ranch is located 30 miles northwest of Santa Barbara near the village of Gaviota. Its eastern boundary commences a short distance from where Highway 101 departs from its parallel journey with the Pacific Ocean to bend into the Santa Ynez Valley. Running westerly along the backbone of the Santa Ynez Mountain's first range, the Hollister Ranch fenceline turns, rolls down the foothills and ends at the sea, its southern border. Within this framework lies the 14,400 acre ranch which, like its unique southern alignment with the ocean, often proves to be an exception to many a rule.

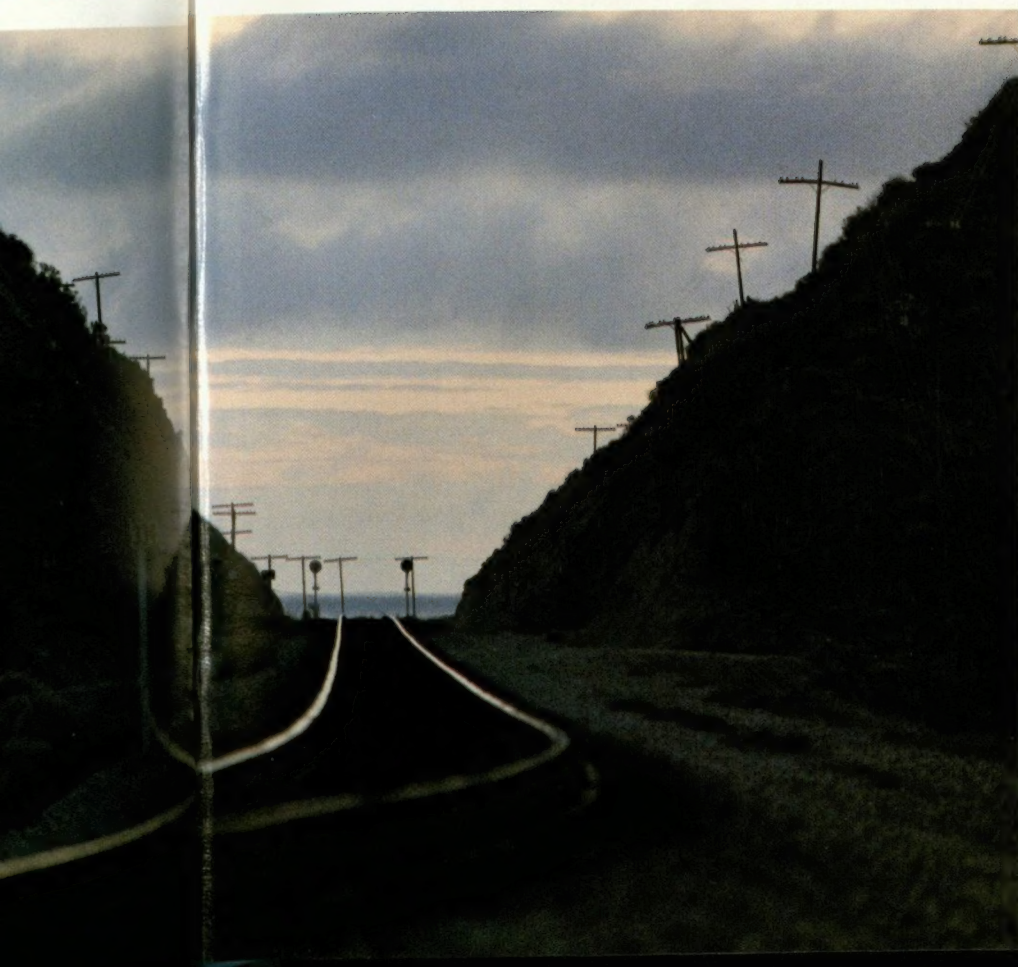
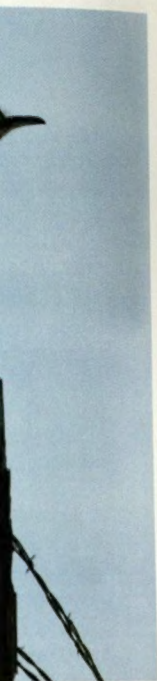
Throughout history, the ranch has been

a contradiction, a mystery, prompting those in charge of its fate to deal with it by means of intuition, experimentation or education. Certain contradictions continue to exist, such as the weather forecasts for the vicinity broadcast from the airports of Santa Barbara and Santa Maria, or from the more sophisticated station at Vandenberg Air Force Base — which seldom apply to the ranch's semi-arid climate.

Furthermore, the rules and regulations which govern our normal, everyday lives are often at odds with those that protect the ranch. The most vital rule for all who travel its face is one that is unwritten: Understand and respect where you are. For just as the pace of the city is not suitable to the ranch's pastoral atmosphere, many things that apply elsewhere do not apply within its gates.

With a penchant for selecting the most resourceful and beautiful South Coast terrain, the Chumash Indians chose to build





two villages on this land. Then, in 1791, it became the western half of Portola Expedition trailblazer El Capitan Jose Francisco de Ortega's "Nuestra Senora del Refugio" — a grazing permit retirement gift granted to Ortega following a dynamic career in the service of the King of Spain.

Faded blue pages in the County Recorder's office literally weave a tale of how the land was passed from Ortegas to Carrillos to Loberos, until 1866 when the name Thomas Bloodgood Dibblee terminates the melodic list. Two years later, the pages reveal, for "...one dollar and other valuable and sufficient considerations ..." Dibblee deeded one-half of the property to William Welles Hollister — who, before his death in 1896, became the sole owner of this vast and prolific stretch of land.

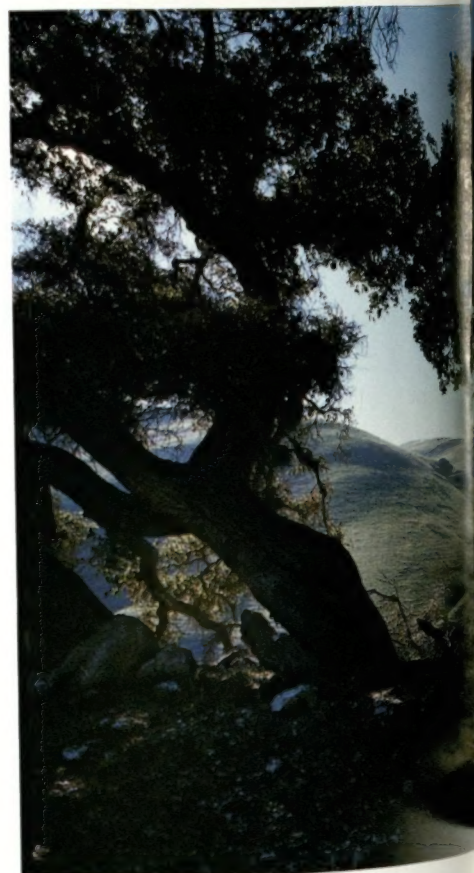
Because of its isolation and the less efficient means of communication and documentation then, many of the significant events and human dramas which formed the early history of Hollister Ranch have been forever lost to time. It was not until around the turn of the century that a little light finally began to filter into this dark corner of California history.

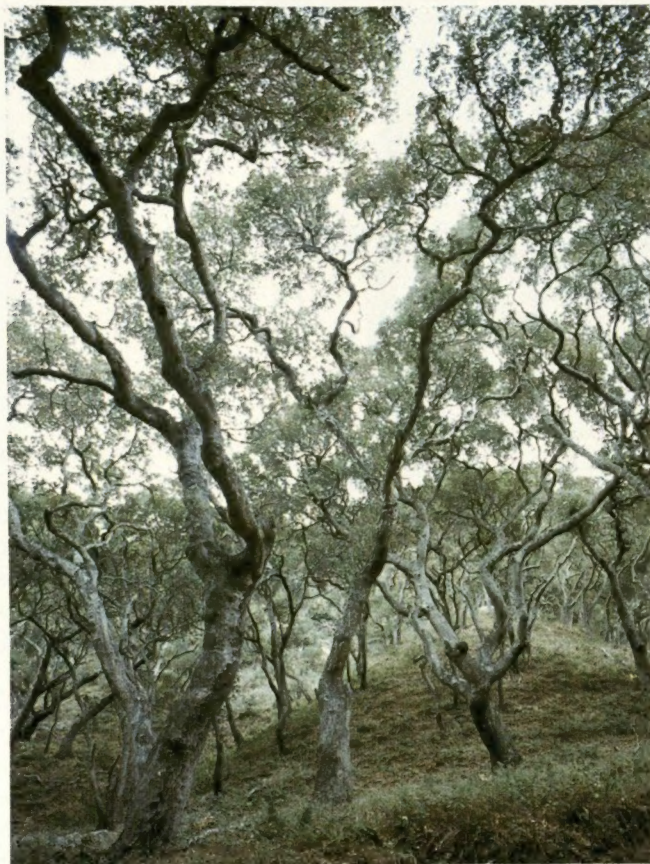
John James (Jim) Hollister, Sr. was the youngest son of William Welles and San Francisco-born Annie James Hollister. When Jim Hollister arrived at the ranch shortly after his mother's death in 1908, he had been a member of a Klondike expedition and a mining engineer superintendent in Mexico. Over the next 52 years, he would be an organizer of the Santa Barbara County Farm Bureau, a state senator on two separate occasions, and a member of the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Riding over the ranch in 1908 to ascertain what it might bring in sale, Jim Hollister found the canyon grass tall enough to tie across his saddle. "This decided him," wrote his daughter Jane Hollister Wheelwright, "he would not sell."



A number of Lottie's original botanical experiments survive in the gardens surrounding "The Mansion"—the Hollister family's Bulito Canyon home. Designed by Lottie and a prominent San Francisco architect, the family referred to it as "The Big House," and although it incorporated a few of the features found in Lottie's former home—the old gingerbread Governor's Mansion in Sacramento—it is much smaller and far more inviting.





As if they had saved their language's most beautiful words for just such an occasion, members of the Portola and De Anza expeditions of the 1700's christened the major canyons of the ranch Alegria, Cuarta, Sacate, Santa Anita, Agua Caliente, El Bulito, San Augustine, De La Brea, Del Gatos and Arroyo de Cojo. Each canyon is as distinguished as its name: the terrain of the ranch's easternmost canyon closely resembles parts of Montecito while sectors of its westernmost canyons appear to be straight from the pages of a European fairy tale. Oak trees, some more than 900 years old, are the canyons' common denominator. In the late 1800's, a severe drought forced Colonel William Welles Hollister to cut some of the oaks down limb by limb so that his sheep could survive.





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By 1910, Jim, his wife Lottie Steffans Hollister, Ph.D., and their children had made the ranch their home. As the frame of their family home went up in the Bulito Canyon, Jim supervised the restoration of the overgrazed and sadly neglected ranch lands, and Lottie filled the fields of the family home with fruit bearing trees; experimented with vines and vegetables; and introduced exotics and ornamental plants to the soil. Their children grew self-reliant, exploring the ranch on horseback, killing rattlesnakes when necessary. Wildlife on the ranch flourished as no one hunted for sport.

Spliced into these golden years, were calamitous ones: Droughts, floods, earthquakes, disease, and once, the locusts, all chiseled at the land's vitality. One night a newly harvested bean crop blew away to sea.

Caught up in the tune of the round-up and the fragrance of the trees and the sea, the Hollisters were participating in an exercise in futility. Although their ranch was one of the richest cattle raising atmospheres in California, its capital needs were overwhelming; and this fact, in combination with the obstacles of nature, made it impossible to make a profit. Then the greenback aroma of World War II lured the majority of experienced hired hands away from the ranch. Their replacements — the inexperienced and the misfit — added significantly to the ranch's financial burden.

Lottie Steffans and Jim Hollister died in 1956 and 1961 respectively. The Hollister heirs were widespread and many, and the problems associated with keeping the ranch intact became insurmountable. They finally agreed to sell.

On the 30th of June, 1964, while the State of California was considering the

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purchase of the ranch for state park purposes, an option to buy it was issued to a syndicate of 12 Los Angeles area men. Upon consummation of the sale 13 months later, the 'syndicate' announced that they planned to 'develop' the Hollister Ranch.

Fortunately, the word 'ecology' was not Greek to *everyone* in June 1966, when it became clear that due to the expenses involved, the syndicate's development plans would not be undertaken. Steadily growing in number, a more environmentally-aware public voiced interest in the ranch, prompting the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors to adopt a resolution asking the United States Department of the Interior to make a feasibility study to determine whether the ranch could be developed as a National Seashore. The federal government rejected the idea, however, and in June 1969, the Santa Barbara News-Press announced that the Hollister Ranch had been purchased by the Los Angeles-based development company Macco Realty, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Three months later, Macco announced its plans for the ranch which, had they been carried out, would have constituted one of the most gruesome land-rapes in California history. It was Macco's intention to divide the ranch's ocean front acres into 6,700 single family residential lots for a proposed community of 20,000. Certain portions of the land were to be used for commercial purposes, another section would be devoted to a monstrously large recreational vehicle park.

Deaf to the outrage of Santa Barbara County citizens, Macco sought and was given zoning variances and permission to form a water district from equally unhearing County agencies. One year later, however, the dark clouds of development



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threatening the Hollister Ranch were blown away by the financial collapse of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Title to the Hollister Ranch passed to the Mortgage Guarantee Insurance Corporation (MGIC) through default on a loan in 1970. MGIC faced a massive potential loss if the ranch sat idle and so undertook a thorough investigation — which revealed the ranch's place in history, its overwhelming natural beauty and production capabilities. Convinced that both 'recreational' and 'normal' development would destroy the ranch, MGIC rejected the plans of several large corporations and instead chose veteran rancher Dick LaRue to supervise the development of the land. LaRue's concept was to divide the ranch into 135 parcels consisting of approximately 100 acres each, with 1900 acres, including 8½ miles of ocean frontage, set aside for common ownership.

LaRue took to the land on horseback. "That was the best time, when no one was here," he recalls. "I was struck by a combination of feelings...that I would have preferred to leave it the way it was, but if something had to be done with it, then I wanted to try to divide it as if each parcel was an individual ranch — to divide it so that valleys and meadows were not split, so that waterfalls, rock formations and creeks were not clumsily divided. It was interesting thinking about the people who would buy it someday, and what they would do with it. The nicest part was the solitude, the wildlife. You could fantasize about how the people who saw this land 100 to 150 years ago saw it, and then there was the feeling that I was stepping where no white man had ever stepped before. Or maybe they had. Maybe the Hollisters had been right there."

It was six months before the division of the land was completed. "You can't relate to the land from a helicopter," explains LaRue, "I can't, anyway. I tried to because it was such a slow process, but I've got to pull up the grass or kick a rock and throw

it into a stream in order to relate to what I'm doing." Seven years later, Ranch Manager and land owner LaRue is still relating. He intends to spend the rest of his life on the Hollister Ranch.

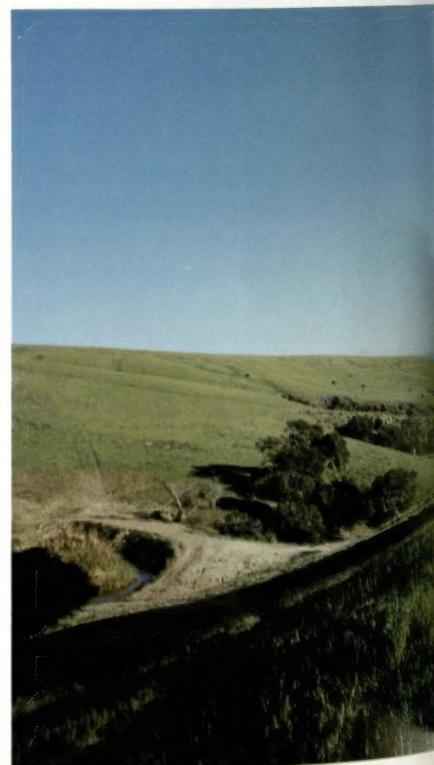
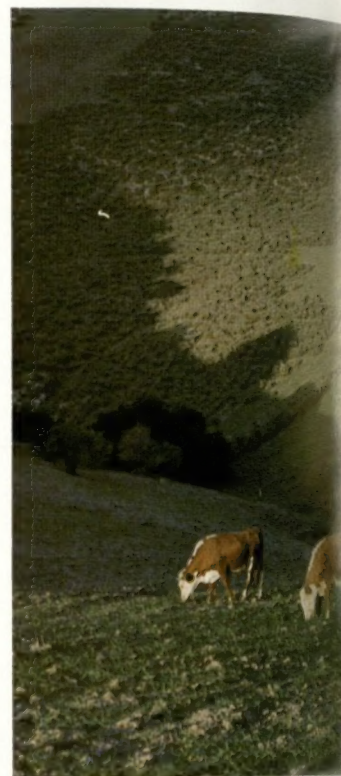
The evolution of the Hollister Ranch since that time when LaRue was kicking rocks and pulling up the grass is a valuable lesson to everyone connected with or concerned about the development of land. It proves that — given time, money and human sensitivity — the integrity of a magnificent piece of land such as the Hollister Ranch can remain intact.

The adoption of a highly restrictive Declaration of Restrictions, Covenants and Conditions set up a Ranch Owner's Association insuring that the land cannot be further subdivided and can only be used for agricultural purposes, unobtrusive personal residences and the auxiliary buildings an efficient farm operation needs. Buildings on the Hollister Ranch need not be lavish or expensive, but they must be approved in their planning stages by an architectural review board comprised of Association members who determine whether or not the building's style is appropriate to its surroundings. Some who own land at the Hollister Ranch never intend to build on it at all.

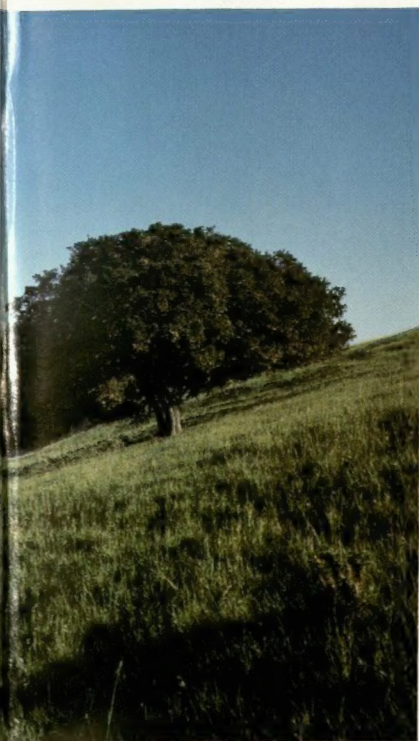
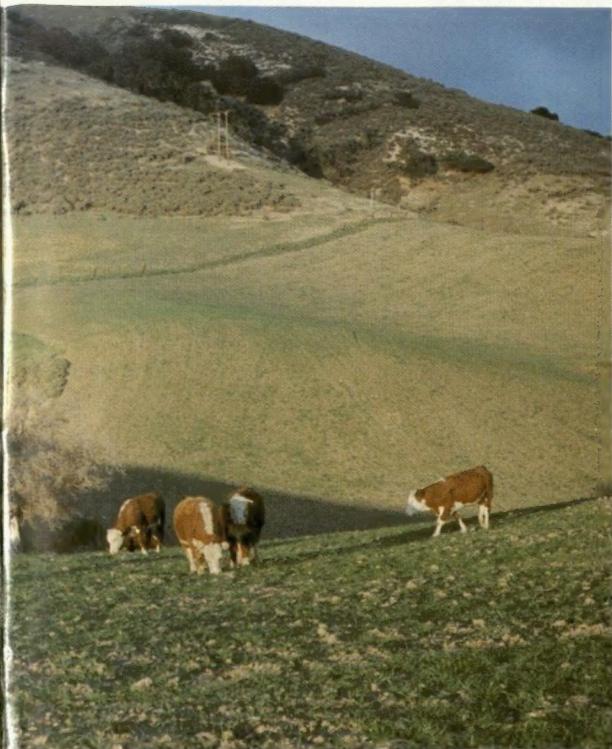
Programs designed to improve the soil, control erosion and develop new sources of water within the ranch's boundaries have skyrocketed its agricultural output and carrying capacity. There is experimentation in the growing of new grasses and grains, of Modell pines and the jojoba nut (a substitute for sperm whale oil, used in cosmetics, cooking, industrial lubricants), and the ranch is constantly working with universities, public and private agencies in furthering knowledge of its environment. There is even experimentation with salt water irrigated crops.

The ranch's birds and beasts are safeguarded by a wildlife preservation program which protects their natural habitats and has provided additional

Cattle have been run on the Hollister Ranch since Captain Ortega owned the property in the late 1700's. (Ortega's cattle were partially responsible for the demise of many Chumash artifacts.) Today, a common cattle grazing operation has been made possible through the unique Hollister Ranch Cooperative.



"Cattle are the best engineers." says Dick LaRue. "They take the easiest way." Following their example, LaRue rode the cattle trails by horseback, followed by man and machine; together they scratched in 120 miles of road. Once paved, the relatively easy-to-manuever roads proved the cattle's affinity for engineering—the roads' fluid loops and delicate curls reveal the cattle were artists as well.



vegetative cover so that they may eat and drink in safety. Several species have been reintroduced to the land to date, and the livelihood of all animal life is permanently insured by a strictly enforced ban on hunting.

These programs and many others equally ambitious have been implemented without the use of any public monies whatsoever.

— * * * —
The Hollister Ranch could be aptly

termed a 'private paradise.' It has a price tag to correspond: \$150,000 to \$400,000 per 100 acre parcel. But as paradises often go, it is a vulnerable one. This area of the California coast is already threatened by the possibility or actual existence of nuclear plants, super tanker ports, onshore oil processing plants and offshore rigs. Now there is talk of situating a liquid natural gas plant by the pristine waters of Cojo Bay on the perfectly beautiful patch of land that separates the Hollister Ranch from Point Conception.

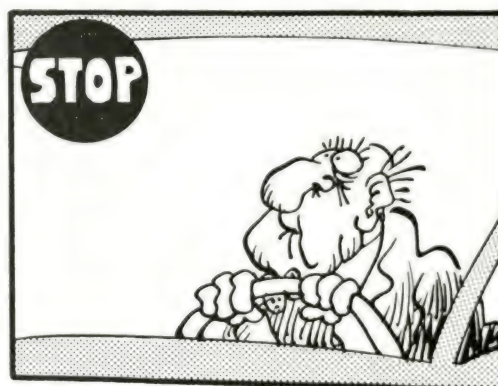
Because it is a private paradise, a certain

amount of public apathy exists regarding the fate of the Hollister Ranch. Perhaps some people reason that because its gates are closed to the public, what befalls it is of no interest to them. Yet the ranch's preservation of certain historical eras, its experiments with agriculture and wild-life, as well as its actual food production, benefits us all. Perhaps we, as residents of the county in which the Hollister Ranch exists, should consider the following: It could have been 20,000 people and a 24 hour mini-supermarket. Better a private paradise than no paradise at all.

SANTA BARBARA SCENES

WAITING AT THE FREEWAY LIGHTS

by Russell Myers



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six witnesses

the histories of santa barbara and goleta

by Walker A. Tompkins

Within a span of two hundred years, the Santa Barbara-Goleta microcosm evolved from an Indian settlement with a Stone Age culture into a prestigious resort city attuned to the Space Age.

This evolution divides naturally into six epochs: Indian, Spanish, Mexican, Frontier American, Victorian American, and Modern. If we were to select the most important citizen from each epoch to sit in a reviewing stand before this passing parade of history, we would probably come up with a panel like this:

An aboriginal Indian chief, a sergeant of the Spanish army, a merchant mariner from Boston, an empire builder from Ohio, a financier from Tennessee, and a "benevolent dictator" who spent his entire 95 years within sound of the bells of Santa Barbara Mission. What follows is the panorama of Santa Barbara-Goleta's past from the perspective of this sextet of witnesses whose lifetimes intermeshed to provide us an uninterrupted picture...



Yanonalit: the aborigine

Yanonalit was the *temi* or chieftain who was ruling the local Indian population when the first white explorers arrived, 207 years ago. It was in the Santa Barbara-Goleta region that the explorers found the heaviest concentration of Indians on the California coast.

Yanonalit's jurisdiction extended to thirteen *rancherias* or communes loosely banded into a federation of familial units cemented by a common language and a mutual need for protection against enemies. Their dialect categorized them as the Quabajai, also called Chumash or Canalino, who dwelt along the semi-arid shoreline from Malibu to Morro Bay. In comparison to other California tribes, they were an advanced people, especially in their unique plank canoes, their basketry, and their stone tools and weapons.

Nine of Yanonalit's thirteen villages, each comprising a cluster of one-family tule huts, lay inside the modern city limits of Santa Barbara. These included the twin *rancherias* of "Mispu," on the oak-covered mesa now occupied by the

City College campus; "El Banos," at the site of Plaza del Mar; Yanonalit's home base, covering a hummock known later as Burton Mound, between Bath and Chapala Streets facing West Beach; "Amolomol," along the beach at the foot of Chapala Street; "Siuhtun," probably the most ancient village, remains of which were found in the 1920s by workmen digging trenches for the Balboa Building at State and De la Guerra Streets; "Taynayan," at the mouth of Mission Canyon where the future Santa Barbara Mission would rise; "Swetete," on the promontory occupied today by the Clark Estate near the Bird Refuge; and a village at the junction of Alameda Padre Serra and Sycamore Canyon Road, where five ancient trails met to form the original Five Points.

Three leagues to the west lay "Mescalitan," another group of villages rimming the Goleta Estuary, controlled by a female *temi*.

Chief Yanonalit undoubtedly had been forewarned by Indian runners that a column of bearded, white-skinned men was approaching from the south, riding strange four-legged beasts, and carrying weapons which flashed like lightning bolts in the westering sun. And historians

can document the exact time when Captain Gaspar de Portola, governor of Alta and Baja, California, and his cavalcade skylined itself atop Ortega Hill beyond the Montecito woodlands. The day Santa Barbara's recorded history began was the fateful morning of Friday the 19th of August, in the year 1869.

Yanonalit and his awe-struck tribesmen, none of whom had ever seen a horse before, watched with astonishment and apprehension as this strange procession, literally creatures from another world, filed their cautious way around the perimeter of salty marshes which extended as far inland as Anapamu Street and Peabody Stadium. This lagoon prompted Portola's diarist, a Franciscan grayfriar named Juan Crespi, to christen the area "Laguna de la Concepcion." The name "Santa Barbara" would not come along for another thirteen years.

The first *conquistador* to leave his boot tracks in the adobe dust of Santa Barbara was Portola's advance scout, a rotund, jolly career soldier of 35, Sergeant Jose Francisco de Ortega. Entering Santa Barbara's bleak and treeless valley between the Mesa earthquake fault and Mission Ridge, Sgt. Ortega took careful note of the numerous Indian villages



Santa Barbara in 1877—from an old litho

roundabout. Playing it safe in case the inhabitants should prove hostile, Ortega chose that night's campground on the north bank of Mission Creek near today's Moreton Bay Fig Tree, a site described in Crespi's journal as "a prudent two musket shots" removed from the nearest Indian village.

As chief of his tribe, Yanonalit had the responsibility of greeting visitors. Mercifully, he was not aware that these bearded riders were the harbingers of the rapid extinction of his race, that Santa Barbara's Indian populace as a whole became an endangered species — mostly because



Don Jose Antonio Julian De La Guerra

of their lack of immunity to European disease germs — the instant he and Ortega met on the trail to exchange salutes.

Sparring as cautiously as two strange dogs meeting, each man demonstrated his peaceful intentions by his forced grin and the fact that his hands were empty of weapons. Even so, it was a tense confrontation, this initial communication between races which henceforth would be sharing this land.

Satisfied that the palefaced men came in peace, Yanonalit summoned squaws laden with gifts consisting of dried and fresh fish, *chia* sage and acorn gruel, and many cooked dishes which titillated European taste buds with new sensations. Fr. Crespi wrote in his diary that long ago night:

The expressions on their faces showed clearly the satisfaction which our arrival afforded them. In return we gave them glass beads.... On account of fog, no solar observations could be taken (to fix Santa Barbara's geographical position on Portola's charts.)

Thus was the camel's head thrust inside the tent. It was foreordained that the red man soon would be crowded out of the homeland his ancestors had occupied for six thousand years.

Naive and over friendly, the semi-nude natives swarmed into Portola's camp in such ominous numbers during the afternoon that the guards were kept in a

constant state of suspense. At nightfall, the throngs increased ten-fold as Indian musicians from outlying *rancherias* arrived to stage a Chumash version of a rock and roll concert. Their flutes, horns and drums created a cacophony that vibrated painfully on the eardrums of Ortega and his trailmates.

Next morning, to avoid an inevitable encore, Sgt. Ortega led his bleary-eyed column a league west to a camp in a brushy defile near the beach, the Arroyo Burro. The following morning being a Sunday, Padre Crespi presided over Santa Barbara's first Catholic Mass. (The tripod-shaped bell tower atop Campanile Hills overlooking the campsite commemorates that historic mass.)

Sergeant Ortega and his exploring party moved on to the Mescalitan and the Goleta Valley. They were on their way up the coast to locate the Bay of Monterey which Vizcaino had discovered in 1602, to use as a seaport for Spain's annual treasure-laden Manila galleon. Ortega did not recognize Vizcaino's *ensenada* but he did discover the Golden Gate and magnificent San Francisco Bay.

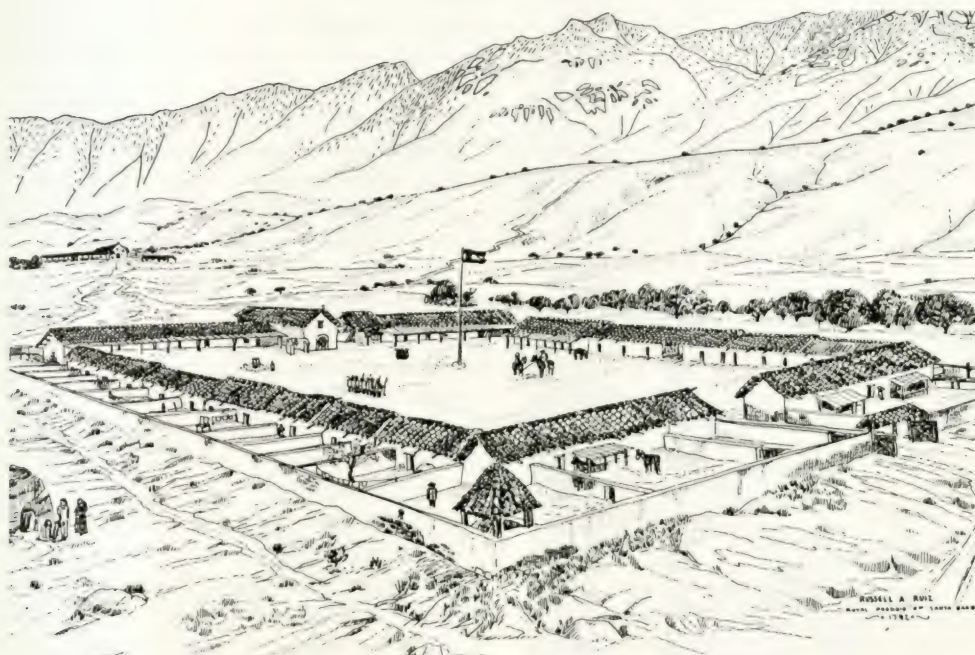
Ortega did not return to Santa Barbara until 1782.

ortega: the presidio founder

Chief Yanonalit welcomed Ortega like a brother after his absence of thirteen years. Now a lieutenant in King Carlos III's army, Ortega had just founded Mission San Buenaventura and was carrying the Viceroy's orders to construct and take command of the last military outpost Spain was destined to establish in the New World — the Presidio Royal de Santa Barbara, a saintly name Vizcaino had applied to the adjacent channel 180 years previously. This fort, one of four in Alta California, would be responsible for protecting the King's interests between San Gabriel and San Luis Obispo.

After careful reconnoitering with Chief Yanonalit for an easily defended site handy to fresh water, firewood and building stones, Lt. Ortega chose a location half a league from the beach, identified today as the intersection of Canon Perdido and Santa Barbara Streets.

Santa Barbara came into being at that spot on April 21, 1782, when a crude wooden cross was raised and venerated by Fray Junipero Serra, *el presidente* of the



Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara, 1792 (Russell Ruiz)

Interior courtyard, Old Mission



County Courthouse

Stow House



California mission chain which eventually would stretch from San Diego to Sonoma. Present at the ritual were Governor Felipe de Neve and his retinue, and Yanonalit's Quabajai.

Padre Serra had planned to dedicate his ninth mission at Santa Barbara simultaneously with the presidio, but de Neve informed him that the military base had first priority and ordered Lt. Ortega to start work on the presidio walls immediately.

Four years elapsed before work could commence on a mission edifice, by which time Padre Serra had been dead two years.

Ortega's carefully cultivated liaison with aging Chief Yanonalit, patterned after his friendship with Chief Anapamu while he was building Mission San Buenaventura, bore the same fruit in Santa Barbara. Yanonalit provided Ortega with an unpaid labor force, the muscle needed to erect a fortress enclosing a plaza *del armas* 330 feet square, with barracks, a chapel, granaries and officers' quarters.

The married soldiers, loathe to domicile their families in crude brush *jacals* like the Indians, fashioned bricks from the adobe soil underfoot and scattered their houses helter skelter outside the presidio walls to form Santa Barbara's first housing tract.

After building a system of aqueducts to channel water from Mission Creek to irrigate the garrisons' vegetable gardens and fruit orchards, Lt. Ortega was transferred to other military assignments, but his heart belonged to Santa Barbara and he vowed to return after he retired from military service.

Ortega was in Loreto when he received the good news that Padre Serra's successor, Fray Fermin de Lasuen, had founded a mission in Santa Barbara on the site of Yanonalit's *rancheria* of Taynayan, half a league northwest of the presidio.

Lt. Ortega was absent from Santa Barbara for only seven years, unforeseen circumstances enabling him to leave the King's military service years before his normal retirement time. In 1791, at age 57, he found himself too obese to mount his horse without assistance, so after 36 years in uniform, he was given the brevet rank of Capitan and an honorable discharge.

Chief Yanonalit was pathetically happy to see his old friend return to Santa Barbara. He felt grief and alarm over the radical changes in lifestyle the well-meaning friars were imposing upon his people. A wise old man, he lived with a

prescience that the old free ways under paganism would never return, and that his people were doomed to early oblivion.

El Capitan Ortega, for his part, was astonished by the changes which had occurred in Santa Barbara during his relatively brief absence. In addition to the Mission, the brush-roofed temporary structures he had built around the presidio square in 1782 had been replaced with tile-roofed adobes on fieldstone foundations by his successor as comandante, Lt. Gelipe de Goycoachea.

Business was slack for the military garrison, and the missionaries were having rough going in their attempts to Christianize the natives. Statistically speaking, the California missions were a failure, since more than half the Indians chose to remain in paganism, including Chief Yanonalit himself, who died shortly after Ortega's return.

In addition to Lt. Ortega's aqueducts and other engineering work, plans were afoot for a dam in what is now the heart of the Botanic Garden, aqueducts, two reservoirs (one still in use today), a gristmill, Moorish fountain and *lavenderia* where Indian women could wash their clothes. The ruins of the waterworks are now tourist attractions and were completed early in the new century by the resident friar, Marcos Amestoy, who gave his name to San Marcos Pass.

Captain Ortega returned to civilian life with a heavy burden of debt to the army. The viceregal government granted Ortega grazing rights to Nuestra Senora del Refugio Rancho, 26,500 brushy acres stretching along the sun-washed coast west of Refugio Canyon, where he could raise sheep and cattle to pay his debts.

El Gran Capitan established a snug adobe hacienda two miles up Refugio Canyon. During the first two decades of the 19th Century his rancho became notorious on the seven seas as a smuggling base and rendezvous for foreign vessels, which were forbidden by the Laws of the Indes to drop anchor at any port in New Spain.

On the morning of February 3, 1798, El Capitan Ortega left his ranch for Santa Barbara, intending to visit his son Jose Maria who was now a sergeant at the Royal Presidio. While riding through the Indian *rancheria* of Casil at what is now Refugio Beach State Park, the old grandee toppled dead from the stirrups. He was buried with high honors in the *campo santo* at the Old Mission, to end an era.



hill: the yankee mariner

Even as Ortega's soul was heading for Paradise, another soul was arriving in a farmer's home in Billerica, Massachusetts. The infant was baptized Daniel Antonio Hill. That his life could touch that of the Ortegas on the sunset side of the continent would seem to be stretching the laws of probability, but it came to pass.

Young Hill ran away from his ancestral home as a teenager to become a merchant mariner. As first mate of the trading vessel *Rover*, plying between Boston's Long Wharf and the Sandwich Islands, Hill arrived off Refugio Bay, California, on February 7, 1823. Since Mexico had overthrown Spanish tyranny the year before, the old restrictions against foreign ships no longer applied.

Hill and his supercargo went ashore in a small boat to negotiate for hides and tallow, and to satisfy their curiosity about this Ortega ranch of which they had heard so much. They found it to be the home of El Capitan's son Jose Maria.

Ortega's numerous progeny included a voluptuous fourteen-year-old daughter named Rafaela, with whom Dan Hill fell in love at first sight, so much so that he jumped ship to spend the rest of his days in California. Finding himself ill-equipped to work as a *vaquero*, Hill walked twenty miles down the coast to size up Santa Barbara as a place of livelihood.

He found a drowsy pueblo consisting of scattered tile-roofed adobes, the single-towered Mission only three years old, and a crumbling presidio which had never recovered from a devastating earthquake in 1812. The presidio was commanded by Santa Barbara's most influential Spanish blueblood, Captain Jose de la Guerra. His soldiers had not been paid in twenty years, so as each man retired from service, he was given a token grant of land in the East Valley, or El Montecito.

Hill had no difficulty making a living in Santa Barbara. A jack of all trades, he worked on the commandant's new home, the elegant Casa de la Guerra which is still a city landmark on the plaza. He was a master carpenter and stonemason, a soapmaker and well-digger.

He found that in order to marry Rafaela Ortega he would have to become a Mexican citizen and join the Catholic church. This he did, and the couple was united in holy wedlock in 1826 outside the altar rail at the Old Mission, blending

the Yankee and Hispanic cultures in what portended a trend for new American emigres.

The adobe *casa* Hill built for his bride, reputed to be the first in Santa Barbara to boast a wooden floor, remains a historical monument at 11 East Carrillo Street. Here Hill sired the first of his fifteen children, all but one of whom lived to maturity.

Hill had arrived in Santa Barbara just as the California mission system was in its death throes. The Decree of Secularization in 1833 scattered the Indian neophytes and reduced Santa Barbara Mission to the status of a parish church.

The Goleta area was still called Mescalitan when Hill arrived. An English sea captain, Benjamin Foxen, built and launched a schooner in the Goleta Estuary in 1828 which was the first such launch on the Pacific coast by a white man. Daniel Hill bought the schooner, which he named "La Goleta," Spanish for "the schooner," which may or may not account for the Goleta place name, since the name did not appear on any official public record until 1846.

A few adventurous Americanos joined Hill in Santa Barbara and married



Daniel A. Hill

Mexican women so as to qualify for land grants — pioneers such as George Nidever, Lewis T. Burton and Isaac J. Sparks.

Rumors filtered into California in 1844 that the *Yanquis* were on the verge of war with Mexico and were planning to seize California as part of America's "manifest destiny." The governor, Pio Pico, in a move to forestall ranch land falling into the possession of the enemy, began granting title to vast acreages to loyal Mexican citizens. One of these grants was Las Positas y Calera, now known as Santa

Barbara's Hope Ranch Park.

Dan Hill qualified for such a grant, so he belatedly filed for a square league of land bounded on the west by Fairview Avenue, on the north by the foothills, on the east by Hope Ranch and on the south by the beach. Known as Rancho La Goleta, the 4,426-acre grant was approved by Pio Pico on June 10, 1846 — barely three weeks before the U.S. Navy seized Monterey, the provincial capital, to begin the fight to annex California.

A year previously Hill and his son-in-law, Nicolas A. Den of Dos Pueblos Ranch, had leased Santa Barbara Mission and its 35,500-acre San Marcos Rancho north of the mountains, including thousands of cattle, for \$1,200 a year in gold. (The Mission was later returned to the Catholic Church by President Abraham Lincoln.)

Daniel Hill stood on the porch of his adobe early in August 1846 to witness the landing on West Beach of the American Commodore Robert F. Stockton and a platoon of U.S. Marines. They raised the Stars and Stripes on the presidio flagstaff and announced that henceforth, Santa Barbara was American.

Mexican loyalists soon recovered possession of the pueblo, but not for long. In late December Col. John Charles Fremont and his California Battalion marched down from Monterey, crossed the Santa Ynez Mountains onto Dan Hill's Goleta Valley ranch, and occupied Santa Barbara again, this time for keeps.

The Mexican War ended shortly thereafter, and from April 1847 until September 1848, Santa Barbara was under martial law, occupied by troops of Company F, Stevenson's Volunteer New York Regiment. One benefit of this political turnover was that Daniel Hill reverted to American citizenship.

The discovery of gold near Sutter's Fort in January, 1848, had little effect on Santa Barbara life, although Hill's son-in-law, Den, became a rich man driving Dos Pueblos cattle north to feed the beef-hungry '49ers. A steer formerly worth two dollars for its hide and tallow fetched \$100 on the hoof in the Mother Lode gold camps.

California became the 31st State in September 1850, but Santa Barbara had gotten the jump on the rest of the State in August by changing its civic government from the Mexican *ayuntamiento* system to a Common Council. Lewis T. Burton, mayor, replaced Nicolas Den, *alcalde*. Of the first fifty business licenses the Coun-

cil issued that autumn, thirty-two were for saloons!

A sea captain, Salisbury Haley, was paid \$2,000 to survey the city's streets, the grading of which erased scores of historic presidio period adobes. Among those spared was Casa de la Guerra and the Hill (Carrillo) adobe. Hill had moved out to the Goleta Valley to an adobe at 35 La Patera Lane, the oldest existing house in the valley today.

One crisp morning in January of 1853, Daniel Hill caught sight of a band of sheep heading across his ranch en route to Tecolotito Canyon (Glen Annie). He rode out to greet the drover, a Colonel William Welles Hollister, who had started out a year before from Licking County, Ohio, with 6,000 Merinos bound for Monterey, California. The 2,000 mile overland journey cost him 5,000 head of sheep. Fate was to decree that Col. Hollister would become the most important American in Santa Barbara.

hollister: the empire builder



Col. W. W. Hollister in 1878

Col. Hollister grew so attached to the pastoral beauty of the Goleta Valley that he swore to live there once he had made his stake up north. He made good on that vow in 1868, just three years after Daniel Hill, aged 65, was laid to rest in the Mission cemetery.

Hill's widow and thirteen surviving children divided La Goleta Rancho, except for the More Mesa-More Ranch area near the coast which Hill had sold

earlier to a son-in-law, T. Wallace More.

Hollister returned to find the Wells-Fargo stagecoach era in full swing. It had begun in 1860 with the opening of Gaviota Pass to traffic, and in 1868 the Santa Ynez Turnpike Road was built over San Marcos Pass by private interests to link the Goleta Valley with the inland valleys.

Hollister had become wealthy selling



Mission Santa Barbara, after 1925 quake

wool to the Union Army and had sold his San Justo sheep ranch to an emigrant society for \$400,000, his ranch headquarters now the city of Hollister. Coming south with two well-heeled partners, Thomas and Albert Dibblee, Hollister bought up more than 100,000 choice acres of ranch land in southwestern Santa Barbara County, including the Lompoc Valley. They paid the impoverished owners around \$1.25 an acre.

The heirs of Nicolas Den of Dos Pueblos Rancho sold Hollister the 5,500 acres in the Goleta Valley known as Tecolotito Canyon, where he had wintered his sheep in '53. The probate judge warned Hollister that Den's will forbade such a sale until Den's youngest heir came of age in 1882, but Hollister foolishly ignored him.

Changing Tecolotito's name to "Glen Annie" in honor of his young wife, during the 1870's Hollister invested more than \$250,000 in developing his Goleta estate into a nationally-renowned showplace. His horticultural experiments included tobacco, tea, coffee, dates, bananas and cotton — proof that Goleta soil could grow anything.

Too ambitious to remain a country squire in retirement, Hollister took an early interest in Santa Barbara's progress and quickly became the town's most prominent citizen. He began by organiz-

ing a stock company to build a college at State and Anapamu Streets, followed by a \$150,000 Arlington Hotel a block farther north.

Hollister acquired the Republican newspaper, the *Morning Press*, and imported Harrison Gray Otis from Ohio to edit it, the same Otis who became publisher of the Los Angeles *Times* a few years later.

A shrewd moneylender, Hollister financed the building of Stearns Wharf which established Santa Barbara as a seaport in 1872, and that same year the building of Jose Lobero's opera house to form Santa Barbara's first step toward becoming a cultural center.

Meanwhile the Indian population had dwindled to a pathetic few huddled in a tule ghetto near El Sueno, under the guardianship of a federal agent, Thomas Hope, who ran sheep on what was to become Hope Ranch Park, the former Las Positas rancho.

One of Col. Hollister's early guests at his Glen Annie manorhouse, Charles Nordhoff, wrote a guidebook for California visitors to benefit the newly-opened transcontinental railway. The book extolled Santa Barbara as a haven for invalids, especially those suffering from respiratory ailments.



Rare photo of Sloyd School

As a result of Nordhoff's plug, affluent healthseekers began arriving by stagecoach and steamer, taxing the capacity of the Arlington and the Lincoln House (still doing business as the city's oldest hotel, the Upham).

During the Victorian years, Santa Barbara became known as a "sanatorium city" and a "Mecca for the moribund," and its one-man Chamber of Commerce was Col. W. W. Hollister. He was not, of course, Santa Barbara's only prominent





*Indian dam in Botanic Garden
Los Carneros Lake, Goleta*





...hbound Coast Line, Victoria Station, Santa Barbara, March 31, 1901

net, he seemed to draw
personalities to help
him.

arrived in '71 with a
and \$40,000 in gold, to
first bank and later
first office building,

and a lawyer, and Samuel
formed a gas com-
streetcar plied
Stearns Wharf and the
after Bell's invention, a
company brought it

estate, augment-
olive and almond
alley enjoyed a boom.
and the blacksmith
one-room school
joined Hollister
stage road became
west, at Fairview
village of La

neighbor to the
Stow, planted the
grave in '74. His
a histori-
Sexton, a
introduced eucalyptus
area, made pampas grass plumes a going
industry as well as the hybridizing of
America's first commercial soft-shelled
walnuts.

Hollister was at a peak of his prestige
when he harvested the seeds of trouble he
had planted back in '68 in buying Glen
Annie with a cloudy title. An opportunist
San Francisco lawyer, Thomas B.
Bishop, sued to recover the ranch and its
improvements for the Den Estate. This
litigation destroyed Hollister's peace of

mind during his last decade of life. He
died, probably of diabetes, in 1886, four
years before Bishop won his suit and took
over Glen Annie.

Santa Barbarans gave Hollister the
grandest funeral in the city's history. The
populace despaired of anyone ever being
able to fill the Colonel's shoes, but almost
immediately, someone did.

The civic giant who snatched the torch
from Hollister was a native of Tennessee
who had become one San Francisco's
most important financiers, Walter N.
Hawley.

hawley: the financial genius

Hawley came to Santa Barbara in the
winter of 1886-87 and bought the Arling-
ton Hotel from the Hollister Estate for
\$100,000. Within a few months the
Southern Pacific Company completed its
branch line from Saugus to Santa
Barbara, a major milepost in the city's
life.

The rails were supposed to run up the
coast to San Francisco, but a nationwide
financial panic starting late in 1887
brought construction to a grinding halt
at Ellwood, west of Goleta, where end-of-
track would remain for fourteen
interminable years.

An immediate effect of the railroad's
arrival was another flood of healthseekers
from the East. Hawley cashed in on this
boom by building a large annex to the
Arlington Hotel, at the corner of Chapala
and Victoria Streets where a Safeway store
now stands.

Hawley imported asphalt from More
Mesa and paved State Street from the
wharf to his hotel, the city's first street
improvement. He built twin office

"blocks" at 1200 and 1229 State Street,
both of which are still standing behind
modernized facades.

For his own home, Hawley purchased
the city's most elegant mansion, the
Gaspar Orena house on upper Laguna
Street, a white-towered structure resem-
bling a Disneyland castle. The hillside
property behind it became "Hawley
Heights," the city's first major subdivi-
sion outside the bounds of the original
Hawley survey.

Charles Fernald, the gasworks en-
preneur, formed an electric company,
giving State Street its first street lights of
any value on March 19, 1887. The horse
cars were quickly replaced with electric
trams which continued until replaced by
buses in 1929.

Hawley assisted Mary A. Ashley in
Montecito in raising funds which result-
ed in the building of Cottage Hospital
"far out in the country" near the new Oak
Park subdivision sponsored by Los An-
geles developers. The hospital opened its
business in 1891.

The Hawley epoch also saw the be-
geoning of stately ginger-breaded Victo-
rian homes throughout the city, with
Peter J. Barber and Thomas Nixon as the
principal architects.

California's fantastic "Boom of the
Eighties" collapsed in 1888, however,
dragging Hawley's Santa Barbara along
with it. The following decade of the so-
called Gay Nineties was economically
depressed.

Progress, though, continued in spite of
the depression. Anna Cabot Blake opened
her Sloyd School in a Romanesque
Queen Anne building at Santa Barbara
and De la Guerra Streets, which evolved
into a normal school, a State Teachers
College, and eventually the University of
California at Santa Barbara (UCSB). A
de siecle was at hand.

The city drilled a horizontal tunnel
into the mountains at Cold Spring
Canyon, the start of the modern city water
system. And in March 1901 the gap in the
Southern Pacific's coast line was com-
pleted, which brought an abrupt end to
stagecoaching. Simultaneously the
horseless carriage chugged up State Street
as a part of a circus parade, to usher in the
revolutionary Auto Age.

Hawley died before the dawn of the
new century, but his mantle as the
community's most important citizen was
donned by a young man who was a
descendant of Captain Ortega and
Hill — Thomas More Storke.

Storke: the benevolent dictator



Born in 1876 when Col. Hollister dominated the town, Storke was the son of a schoolteacher at Hollister's Santa Barbara College who had married a daughter of T. Wallace More of More Ranch, Goleta.

On the first day of the new century Storke, then 24, took over the publication of the *Daily Independent*, and for the next six decades his paper dominated Santa Barbara's Fourth Estate. *Time Magazine* would dub him the dean of American newspapermen and the "benevolent dictator" of Santa Barbara.

In 1901 the town had a population of 6,500. The Old Mission was settling into its role as a parish church and tourist attraction. The presidio was nearly gone. State Street had deteriorated into an architectural monstrosity of clapboard false fronts. Except for State Street as far as Victoria, the city's streets were unpaved rivers of dust in dry weather, adobe quagmires in wet.

With the completion of the railroad through Santa Barbara to San Francisco, a Los Angeles magnate named Milo M. Potter built a \$1,500,000, six-story, 600-room luxury hotel atop Burton Mound, the exact site of Chief Yanonah's prehistoric village.

The opening of the Potter Hotel was a hinge-point in Santa Barbara's destiny, for it brought the town to the attention of the eastern *haut monde*. Such names as Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Cudahy, Fleischmann, Dupont and Armour began appearing on the register book. Santa Barbara stopped being a health spa and became a posh wintering ground for the horse and buggy equivalent of the jet set.

Many of these multimillionaire visitors remained to establish fabulous country estates in El Montecito, where in Hispanic days presidio soldiers had

moved in retirement. The winter homes of Montecito's "hill barons" boasted marble palaces and 200-acre gardens.

Goleta, meanwhile, remained virtually unchanged — a bucolic, pastoral district which had attracted emigrant farmers from Italy and Scotland, accounting for such well-known pioneer names as Jordano, Rutherford, Cavalletto, Hendry, Giorgi, Smith, Bottiani.

As a civic leader, young Storke was among the official hosts to President McKinley's visit in 1901 and Theodore Roosevelt in 1903. When the Great White Fleet visited Santa Barbara in 1908, the town's first radio station was set up in Storke's office to relay wireless messages to the flagship out in the roadstead off Stearns Wharf.

Storke's paper reported such events as the founding of St. Francis Hospital, the coming of the motion picture industry and the building of the world's largest movie studio at State and Mission Streets, the Flying A. He described the tragic burning of the Arlington Hotel in 1909



Milo M. Potter

and its mission style replacement, the New Arlington, in 1911.

Population having zoomed to 11,600 by the 1910 census, Santa Barbara was running short of water and was forced to drill Mission Tunnel to tap the Santa Ynez River, and later to build Gibraltar Dam.

The first airplane to land in Santa Barbara, in 1911, heralded the arrival of the Air Age. Four years later, Allan and Malcolm Loughead, aviation pioneers who grew up in Santa Barbara, opened an aircraft factory in a garage on lower State Street which became the Lockheed Aviation Company by World War II. Their stress engineer, John K. Northrop, another Santa Barbara youth, went on to

found the Northrop Aviation Company.

In 1920 Storke editorially welcomed the formation of the Community Arts Association to promote music, art, drama and plans and planting. The head of the last-named committee, Bernard Hoffman, purchased historic Casa de la Guerra and transformed it and surrounding property into El Paseo and the Street in Spain, to set the pattern for a later Renaissance of Hispanic architecture in the city.

The Potter Hotel, a victim of changing times brought about by the mobility which the automobile gave vacationers, was totally destroyed by an incendiary fire in the spring of 1921, drawing to a



The Arlington Hotel, State Street, 1880

close an opulent era in Santa Barbara's fast-changing destiny.

On the morning of Monday, June 25, 1929, a cataclysmic earthquake struck the city, leveling the ugly eyesores along State Street, shattering the Mission towers, wrecking the County Courthouse and damaging hotels (including the New Arlington), stores, hospitals and powerhouses.

Thirteen lives were lost in the disaster — a miniscule number for a population of 25,000 — and property damage reached \$15,000,000. But in retrospect, the 1925 earthquake proved a blessing in disguise.

Such foresighted civic leaders as Tom Storke, Pearl Chase, Dwight Murphy and others seized upon this ironic opportunity to bring beauty to areas where ugliness had prevailed. Strict zoning laws were set up. Guidelines were established to prevent Santa Barbara from rebuilding in its former hodgepodge manner.

In *pueblo viejo*, the older part of downtown, all new construction had to conform to a Spanish-Mediterranean style featuring red tile roofs, earth-tinted plaster walls, arches, wrought iron

decorations and ornamental tiling. Even the S.P. roundhouse on East Cabrillo Boulevard was rebuilt in conformity with this unique concept.

The result was a new image for Santa Barbara which made the city one of the most beautiful communities in America, if not the world, an image which is constantly being threatened by efforts of developers to bring in "San Fernando mediocrity" with non-conforming buildings.

The old courthouse of 1874 was demolished and replaced by a spectacular "castle in Spain" which became world famous. Its initial cost of \$1,500,000 was paid by the taxes on an oil well which brought in the Ellwood field west of Goleta, one of California's richest.

The new courthouse was dedicated in 1929, just ahead of the stock market crash which ushered in the Great Depression. At this same period, Major Max C. Fleischmann built a new breakwater for the city, giving Santa Barbara its first modern harbor facility.

Santa Barbara passed 33,000 in population in 1930, then went into a dead calm for the depression years. Montecito's



Carrillo Adobe

millionaires were especially hard hit by the stock crash, which to all intents and purposes ended the extravagant era of marble palaces and formal gardens. Goleta, on the other hand, held its own economically.

The old Mexican land grant of Las Positas began to be developed into a prestigious suburb, Hope Ranch, which was to rival Montecito.

Tom Storke, thanks to being a crony of U.S. Senator William G. McAdoo (a

resident of Las Alturas in Santa Barbara), was able to bring \$22,000,000 in federal aid to the city, paying for such depression projects as the County Bowl, the Sheffield Reservoir filtration plant, Laguna Park grandstand, municipal swimming pool on West Beach, the National Guard armory, a new post office and street and road work including Gibraltar Road up the mountains.

The Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor which plunged the country into



On nearly three acres and down a private driveway is this splendid property. The three bedroom house was designed by a leading architect and exceeds all building standards. Santa Barbara's natural beauty is brought indoors through large picture windows. Pool and Lanai offer fascinating entertaining areas. The mountains and ocean surround this property with magnificent views. Please contact Helen A. McComb \$250,000.

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Moreton Bay fig tree (site of 1769 camp)

war was followed too close for comfort in February 1942, by a submarine raid on Goleta's Ellwood oil field, which did little damage but sent real estate values plummeting to all-time lows.

The Navy took over the city's cowpasture landing strip in Goleta and converted it into a modern airport as part of a marine air training station. On Hoff Heights, now a part of the municipal golf course, the army built a 1,300-bed general hospital.

After the war, Goleta's training base was declared surplus and sold to the Regents of the University of California, one of whom was Thomas M. Storke. The airport reverted to city ownership and the former Marine Corps station on the mesa became the nucleus of UCSB.

A heavy influx of postwar settlers, especially in the Goleta Valley, exceeded the available water supply.

Storke's *News-Press*, aided and abetted by local representatives in Washington

plus the efforts of a "Committee of 3,000" chaired by Donald C. Welch, resulted in Congress appropriating \$44,000,000 to build Cachuma (Bradbury) Dam on the Santa Ynez River in 1950, and Tecolote Tunnel through the mountains to Col. Hollister's Glen Annie ranch in 1956, to bring the welcome waters of Cachuma Lake sluicing into the Goleta Valley.

The result was a staggering increase in population which saw an avalanche of tract homes and hardtop streets inundate the Goleta Valley, wiping out the lemon and walnut groves overnight and boosting the census from 19,000 in 1960 to over 60,000 in 1970. Agriculture, at least in Daniel Hill's old La Goleta portion of the valley, was replaced by research and development firms and small smokeless industries.

Tom Storke, full of years and honors — including the coveted Pulitzer Prize for his *News-Press* — was also beset with personal problems which precluded his fulfilling his dream of a family dynasty carrying on the newspaper in the manner of his envied contemporaries, the Hearsts and the Chandlers. In 1964, Storke turned over his paper and radio station KTMS to

1977 Seville

1977 Coupe de Ville

Tom Williams
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personal luxury,
uniquely Cadillac.
personal service,
uniquely Tom Williams.

newcomers from Philadelphia, and settled back as editor emeritus to watch the passing scene.

The 1960s bowed out with an oil spill from channel platform "A" off Summerland, which sent a malignant black tide to foul the city's beaches and harbor. This civic calamity scared tourists away and resulted in a class action lawsuit against four oil companies which netted the city a \$4,000,000 award for damages five years later.

Six weeks short of his 95th birthday, Tom Storke died in October, 1971, at a time when Santa Barbara and Goleta were facing another critical water shortage. This time the situation was different. The South Coast, anti-growth proponents pointed out, had reached a saturation point in population brought about by the compression of land area between mountain wall and the Pacific Ocean.

If more water was imported, ecologists warned, another population explosion would occur which would mean smog, higher taxes, traffic congestion, more crime — in short, the irreparable ruination of Santa Barbara's far-famed halcyon way of life, as Los Angelenos had

belatedly learned to their eternal regret.

Would Santa Barbara repeat Los Angeles' mistakes? That would be for future eye-witnesses to report. And what of the six witnesses from their respective time segments of the past?

Chief Yanonalit has a street named after him, but otherwise all traces of his extinct tribe have been erased, except for the fossils and artifacts on display at the Museum of Natural History. The last full-blooded Chumash died in Santa Barbara in 1952.

Jose Francisco de Ortega's name lives on in local telephone books, but his grave has long since been lost.

Daniel Hill's two adobe homes, in Santa Barbara and in Goleta, have survived to become historical landmarks, and his descendants are still prominent in the community. To an even greater extent are the descendants of Col. Hollister, whose name remains a household word in the Santa Barbara-Goleta equation. Thanks to wealthy Italian owners, his cherished Glen Annie remains a citrus green belt.

Walter N. Hawley's mansion was demolished half a century ago to make

way for Roosevelt School. His Hawley Heights subdivision has been renamed the Riviera. The man in the street knows him not.

Even Tom Storke's dynamic personality is fading from the community's awareness, five years after his death.

Santa Barbara and Goleta are now entering their third century. New civic leaders will emerge to witness the history unfolding today and tomorrow, in a computerized age of moon walks and landings in outer space and the unpredictable, mind-boggling mysteries of an exciting future.... Their reports will be for posterity to judge. SBM

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Although this is the longest article on Santa Barbara history the magazine has published, space limitations necessitated drastic condensation. For a definitive community history covering four centuries, see the author's "Santa Barbara Past and Present," an illustrated history available in a softcover edition at \$3.50, available at all bookstores.



Carl Oscar Borg, A.N.A. "Hopi Snake Priest" Woodblock Print 9"x10"

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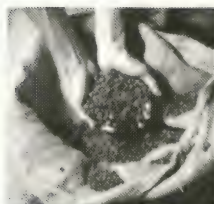
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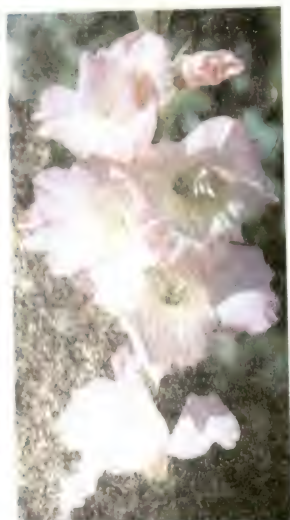


The true heart of one of the world's last great hotels is hidden away in a small room behind the front desk, where Margaret Remmers has tended the hotel switchboard for 16 years. With warmth and gaiety, her hand ever on the pulse of daily doings, she is part of the secret self

The New Life of a Grand Hotel

THE SANTA BARBARA BILTMORE

by Jerry Dunn
photography Jürgen Hilmer



of Santa Barbara's grand lady Biltmore — one of its personnel. She loves her hotel. It shows.

First, she says with a sweep of her hand toward the lobby, "Look around! I've been to Europe five times and I've never seen a hotel to equal it." In fact, its architect, Reginald Johnson, won a medal for his plan, the first ever awarded a West Coast designer by the Architectural League in New York.

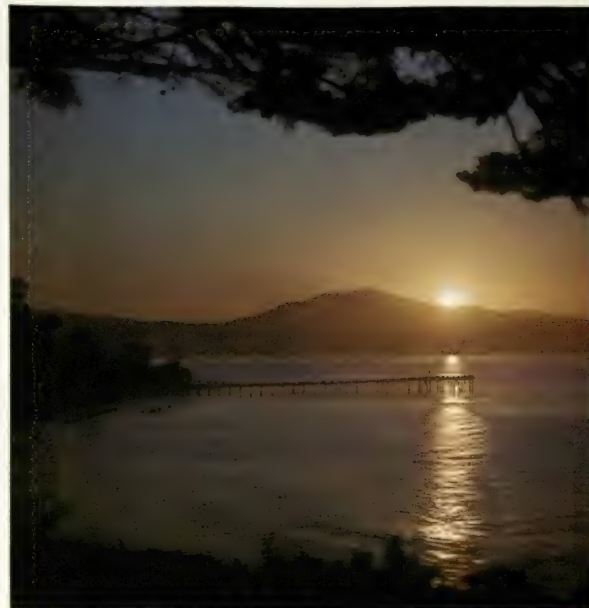
There are handpainted Portuguese tiles, clean white walls pierced by Moorish arches leading to an unbroken view of the sea and the sleepy Channel Islands. Palms rustle against roofs of Spanish tile;

wooden balconies seem to float among citrus branches heavy with fruit. In some ineffable way the Biltmore, like Santa Barbara itself, speaks of the simple past of the Padres and of a garden paradise by the temperate sea.

As it has for many years, this special spot draws people from around the world. "Some of them," explains Margaret, indicating the lobby, "almost live

Jerry Dunn has been editor of Coronet magazine, has written for People magazine and the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, and has acted in movies produced in India. He is married and lives in Montecito.





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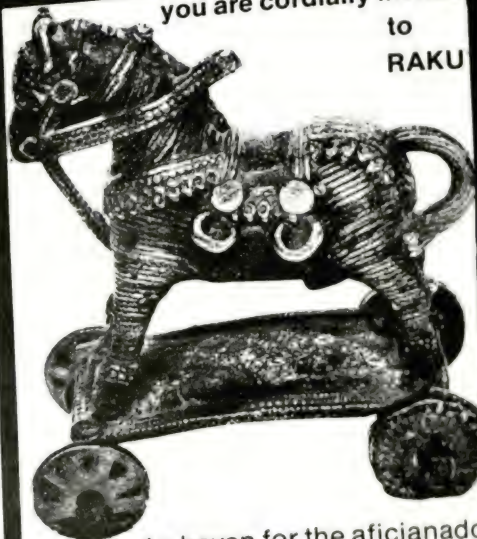
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like they own the Biltmore. It's a very personal thing. If we turn the chairs around in the lobby, they take great exception. It is as if they had come home and someone had rearranged the living room."

The Biltmore is still the kind of place where people come to "spend the season," as did the Baron and Baroness Philippe de Rothschild, and there has been an endless parade of the famous, the rich — and the eccentric, who are perhaps remembered best.

"A man who worked with Hearst used to come here," Margaret muses, "with a dog who had false teeth, a little French poodle." ("We don't accept dogs," another employee explained later, "but of course poodles are people...") The owner used to go to Jurgensen's ground sirloin and he had the room service captain take the dog for walks. I would have walked him myself except I was afraid I'd lose his teeth.

"Rosalind Russell came and every time she picked up the phone she disguised her voice as a Chinese maid" — apparently just for a good laugh.

"Stan Freberg was here but he didn't like anything in the hotel except me. He was allowed to cook his own lamb chops in the kitchen.

"Then we had a Scottish Dame who was the head of a clan and had her personal piper pipe her into the dining room every night."

One night at six o'clock in 1954, Rock Hudson married his agent's secretary in a secret ceremony. But Boucher, the Biltmore's society photographer, was on hand and recalls that after the ceremony, "Rock Hudson lay down on a bed and called Hedda Hopper (the movie columnist) and told her to call him first. Then he proceeded to call Louella Parsons (the Hearst movie columnist) and told her he was calling her first." Boucher remembers the late 1940s as a golden era, with kings and queens of Hollywood, society and the press trying to outdo each other with lavish parties.

More recently, the Allman Band called for reservations, and they expected the worst. Rock and roll have historically felt that TV's actresses belong in hotel swimming pools. But they were wonderfully well-behaved and pleasant — though they did not sit on the carpet in the lobby rather than use chairs. A few years ago, however, they wouldn't have gotten past the front desk.

In those days a strict dress code was posted inside every closet and

forced. For men, no hair was allowed below the collar, and all collars had to be cinched with neckties. For women, pants were considered "out of place."

These policies reflected the old world standards of the late Robert S. Odell, whose Allied Properties bought the 175-room hostelry in 1936 and owned it for 40 years, along with The Clift Hotel in San Francisco. He was a demanding perfectionist; the former bell captain relates that once when the wind was blowing outside at 35 miles an hour and he ran to open the door for a guest, Odell yelled at him for having his hair in his face. Odell's canons of perfect service went as far as retaining a private pilot to pick up and deliver guests from adjoining states. Appreciations (there are no "tips" at the Biltmore) for such extraordinary care have included caviar and cases of fine rare wines.

When the Marriott chain, the purveyors of double-decker hamburgers and businessmen's lodgings, took over in 1976 at a cost of \$5.5 million, faithful guests shuddered apprehensively. But today, though dress standards have been relaxed, quality and service definitely have not. Marriott's refined resort offers hundreds of special touches, like thick, extra-large bath towels. (In fact, the rooms are extra-sized as are the beds and even the bars of soap.) There is unquestioning attention to a guest's every whim. If he is known to like an extra pillow, it is quietly provided. When he picks up the phone, he is greeted by name.

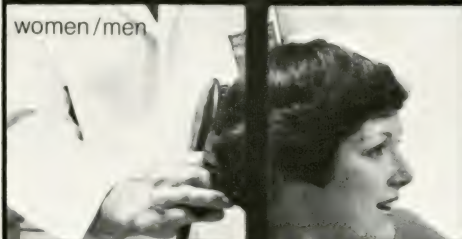
The secret of such small miracles is surprisingly simple. A "guest history card" is kept for all visitors, showing what room they occupied, at what rate, and whether the visit was an anniversary or honeymoon, so that if they come back next year on their anniversary a bouquet of flowers and a bottle of champagne are presented courtesy of the house. (This policy has charmed everyone except once, when a honeymooning couple of very religious persuasion delivered a stern lecture to several staff members about the evils of drink. In minutes, freshly squeezed orange juice replaced the champagne.)

The Biltmore has always exhibited this unique personal concern. When Bowman Biltmore Hotels opened their Santa Barbara showplace 50 years ago on the former estate of copper king James Douglas, each room was furnished with a jar of ginger cookies and the bathrooms were equipped with new-fangled wall slots for safely disposing of used razor blades. An

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orchestra concert accompanied meals in the dining room, and in those days of pre-Depression living, separate quarters were available for personal servants and attendants.

After 'service,' the key word at the Biltmore is 'discretion.' When a reservation comes in, the clerk actually researches the name in *Who's Who* and the *Blue Book*.

And, ever since a photo was sent to a hometown newspaper, years ago, of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So — which turned out after publication not to be Mrs. So-and-So — the hotel's personnel has learned to take nothing for granted. Forgotten personal items, for example, are never forwarded home until the guest calls to ask for them.

Odell took over in 1936, and after the War, during which his hotel served as a military re-distribution center, he catered to European royalty and the American international set.

Today, the Marriotts, while retaining virtually every feature and service, are adding youthful touches like a 15¢ seafood bar offering oysters and shrimp. Locals like Fess Parker, Burl Ives, and Bradford Dillman and Suzy Parker drop by regularly for lunch.

In fact, Santa Barbarans are themselves starting to spend an occasional weekend




at their Biltmore, just to experience an incomparable atmosphere. Many notables belong to the exclusive Casino club, located across Channel Drive. (It is also open to hotel guests.) Parties and other festivities are plentiful with dancing on terraces above the children's Fourth of July swimming races in the Olympic pool. Sunbathers enjoy brunch buffets. Far below, seashells and a touch of casual California are everywhere. Flowers abound.

In fact, all the grounds of the Biltmore of Santa Barbara hotels are in bloom, with bougainvillea, many birds-of-paradise. But lovely women always look their best wearing flowers.




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The Back Country

A Place of Fundamentals

by Michael Parfit

*"Final definition of just
what is so precious about
this land eludes me.*

The aroma? The rocks?

The chaparral?

The water?

*Nothing quite so
tangible."*

It is the aroma that I remember best. The sharp smell of greasewood, sagebrush and ceanothus is so powerful that it seems almost as hard to penetrate as the chaparral itself. Its richness envelops you, and stains your hair and clothes and memory with fragrance. Off in some faintly scented wilderness in Idaho, where there are lakes and peaks that will not be seen here until the coastal range uplifts for a few more years, I have caught a whiff of that aroma and been instantly awash in nostalgia, longing for that spare, glamorless wilderness back of Santa Barbara, the country that begins at the edge of the north county oil fields and ends south of the county in the formidable territory of the Sespe Narrows.

The Santa Barbara back country, in the term's most general sense, is a chunk of land north of the city, beyond the Santa Ynez range, which includes most of the 1.6 million acres in four Los Padres National Forest ranger districts and runs from just north of Los Olivos to just north of Piru in a ragged band from 10 to

25 miles wide. That acreage includes the 149,000-acre San Rafael Wilderness, where you can travel only on foot or horseback, and 53,000 acres of land reserved exclusively for the use of the California Condor where, unless you are a bald, black and white, winged carrion eater, you cannot travel at all. The back country, which includes many other areas closed to motor vehicles, also contains about 1,500 miles of trails—two days' hard driving, but a full spring's walk.

The Santa Barbara back country is not the type of land that graces the covers of travel brochures. There are none of those granite peaks that etch so well against horizons; no azure pools of snow-melt water bedded deep in stone; no endless sweeps of pine forest; no thunderous river cascades. It is just a wilderness, a collection of mountains and canyons that has remained unsettled all these years mainly because it is so inhospitable. There are graves in it, and abandoned homesites, to tell that story better than I can. What I



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERN SALZBRUNN,
MARK OLIVER, AND HENRY L. FECHTMAN



want to try to explain is why such a rude country has become, to a number of people, so cherished.

Its wildness is not enough. The archetypal recreational wilderness, the Sierra Nevada, is just a few hours' drive away, and compared to the Sierra's majesty the Santa Barbara back country lacks scenic clout. But this is one of those places whose value lies in depth rather than grandeur. It rewards unhurried attention. Unpretentious, it is a place of fundamentals: rock, water and vegetation. The mixture is utilitarian, rough-hewn, but the charm of the place unfolds to the walker with slow delicacy, like a poppy on a warm spring day. And that combination of ruggedness and beauty is the secret of the land.

The bones of the back country are its mountains—the San Rafaels, the Sierra Madre, Big Pine, Pine Mountain, Little Pine, McKinley Mountain, Topatopa. They are blunt edges of sandstone and shale, tilted and fractured along fault lines which lie so close together that on a tectonic map they look like sinews on an anatomical sketch. The rock appears most frequently in streambeds or on ridges laid open by erosion, so I have always associated it with resting at the top of a climb or at the end of a long descent.

There is such a place on the divide between Manzana Creek and the Sisquoc River, aptly named White Ledge for its pale Miocene sandstone. I have not spent much time there, since it has no water and there are streams down both canyons to beckon, but each moment has been intensely pleasant. The rock there, like most in the back country, has been scoured by wind and rain for much of its 10 to 20 million years of existence, and one can always find a recess contoured to his dimensions, lie back, and absorb the stone's patience.

The rock is hot from the sun, coarse to the touch and worn into a sinuous profile. Letting his muscles go limp and half-closing his eyes, one can watch the lines of the ledge slide along the horizon like the back of a whale. Weariness drains away, haste evaporates; in such an overwhelming presence of geologic deliberation it seems foolish to hurry. This soft white stone satisfies me more, in some ways, than granite; the latter is

abrupt, and even when smoothed by glacial travel it is scarred like the hands of a blacksmith. But this sandstone shows everywhere the polishing of erosion. From a distance these ridges are rugged lumps and knuckles of rock; up close they seem almost gentle, with all angularity washed away. This combination of views is like a child's sketch of the two great forces of change in the earth: the grinding, hot power that moves continents and flings mountain ranges into the sky, and the incredibly subtle caress of water, always smoothing and smoothing and carrying away.

The way this rock changes shape and position is not, however, always gentle, invisible, or quiet.

I have spent many nights in the canyons of the Santa Barbara back country, some of them in the big gorge that holds Sespe Creek, near Fillmore. The world seems very different down there, hemmed in by dusky purple cliffs and overseen by prehistoric birds who seldom show themselves but always seem to be watching. In the evening, when the sun has gone and the cliffs cool in the twilight, pebbles and stones and boulders loosen from the ridges and fall. Sitting on a beach with the creek gleaming in the last light and the song of the frogs all around, one hears a distant clatter, an accelerating smack of stone on stone. The noise grows louder and more urgent, but in the box of canyon it echoes and has no direction to indicate whether it is overhead or on the other side. As the stone reaches the last ledge it leaps out, and the final report in the series is followed by a pause that seems too long—which air now hisses with danger? Which way should I move my head?—and then there is a crash or a splatter, or sometimes a splash, and the night once more seems kind.

Remarkably, I have always slept well amid this random artillery, and in the morning looked with more curiosity than fear at the occasional shards gleaming new-broken on the gravel of the creekbed.

You take your precautions, of course, but wilderness laughs at presumption. One night a small group I was with, con-





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cerned by the previous night's barrage, slept in a shallow cave near the Sespe. It was just a scoop in an enormous boulder, carved by floods, but though it was small it had a reassuring solidity and a black roof that we imagined was charcoal from Indian fires but was probably just a water stain. We slept long, like seasoned troops in a bunker, and liked it so well we stayed two nights. When I returned to the area less than a month later I found the canyon unchanged, except for one detail: In the interim the entire cave in which we had felt so secure had collapsed into a pile of rubble.

There is probably less personal threat to the traveler in the vegetation of the Santa Barbara back country than in the poised stone, if you ignore the ubiquitous poison oak, which is not a good idea. The dominant foliage is chaparral, that mat of tough bushes that produces the characteristic aroma and makes most of the land virtually inaccessible. Meshed and tangled like concertina wire, and mined with occasional rattlesnakes, it is almost impossible to penetrate with anything less persuasive than a light tank. However, along the developed trails of the wilderness, most memorably on the switchbacks descending from White Ledge into the Sisquoc, avenues have been cut in the chaparral and you can walk between prickly walls, adrift in fragrance. Again there is that juxtaposition of toughness and delicacy. Naturalist Donald Culross Peattie caught the mood in *A Natural History of Western Trees* when he described the flowering of the Bigberry Manzanita:

"The flowers, white or beautifully blushed with pink, first appear in early February, on one of those warm, bright winter days between rains, when all the chaparral is glistening and sending forth its commingled odors, and distant ranges seem to have marched miles nearer at a stride. At such a moment the flowering of this manzanita, almost the first member of the heath to bloom, is especially grateful, and though one sees it year after year, it is always a little surprising that so tough a growth, with its red, naked-seeming wood and its wild, unkempt form, could produce this wealth of dainty bloom."

This theme is repeated endlessly. On a dry south slope, where even the chaparral is baked thin, yuccas burst into flower like jets of steam against dark hillsides. In a cascade of boulders poised on a slope, it seems, to rumble into a valley tomorrow,

the sun catches the tufted seeds of the dry grass growing between the stones and etches the whole scene in antique gold. A ridge sheathed in chaparral and sharpened to a hatchet edge of naked rock is topped by a Digger Pine, a most languid conifer whose limbs diverge early and go their own ways, vaguely upward, with an almost feminine sway in the high breeze.

There is one place, a surprise to me, that will always seem magical. Walking down out of a pine forest, which is less unusual than the view of the back country from San Marcos Pass might suggest, I hit an open trail through chaparral. The forest, perched on a north slope, had been more confining than interesting, a mesh of uniform green that obscured a fine view. I was glad to get out of it. But coming off the slope I walked slowly into a different kind of grove. It was a natural park, a place of needle-covered earth, little deadfall and immense trees. Nothing in the forest I had left compared to it. These trees stood farther apart one from another than the pines, as if their stature demanded less easy familiarity. Many were as thick and tall as redwoods. As always in a grove of very tall trees, the sunlight was filtered again and again coming down, and the result was a refined light that enriched the red-brown bark and muted all the shadows.

I sat down on a log beside a stream that flowed so slowly it was soundless, and I wondered. I had been walking for two and a half days in late spring heat along an open trail in chaparral. I had expected the brief pine forest, but I had not even imagined that these trees existed here. I was as deep as one can get in the back country, and here was this complete surprise, a grove as stately and cool and silent as any in the world. Since I have no training as a naturalist and only a ragged knowledge picked up along trails, I didn't even know what kind of trees they were, and the immensity of that ignorance further deepened the sense of mystery.

I wandered briefly among the trees, looking up like a child in his first encounter with a tall city, but I had a destination for the night and had to walk on. Shortly I passed a narrow waterfall that broke the silence and I was out in chaparral again. The grove folded behind a ridge and disappeared. And many days later I went to a favorite book and relieved my ignorance: "*Bark*: bright cinnamon red brown...scaly, thick...*Leaves*: scale like, pale green,...lying close to the stem



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except for the spreading callous tips. . . .” Strange as it seemed to encounter those trees in this dry, open country, I should have known, in a land that is also characterized by their aroma, what they were: Incense Cedar.

I have not named the location of this grove intentionally, so that someone else may share my delight in it, which would not have occurred burdened by anticipation. But I can't leave out place names altogether, because they are part of the flavor of the country. White Ledge, Bear Camp, Big Cone Spruce Camp, Sulphur Springs, Hurricane Deck, Salisbury Potrero, Lion Canyon, Rattlesnake Creek, Lost Valley Canyon, Indian Creek, Jack-rabbit Flat, Foresters Leap Canyon, Chokecherry Spring. Although some of the names sound richer than their meanings—the sibilant Sespe means, in Chumash, “knee bend”—they are either descriptive enough or melodic enough in their obscurity to spark imagination. A friend and I have developed the pastime of creating intricate, fictional oral histories based on those names, such as a dramatic encounter, set in 1825, between Pete Sisquoc, a renegade American scout, and a young Spanish immigrant of noble blood whose name was Raphael Manzana.

Sespe, Sisquoc, Manzana. In reality, though, these names need little mental embroidery. The places they represent are vivid enough on their own. These three are the names of three major waterways, whose basins define the shape of the land and whose pools slake the needs of the traveler. These waters, and the tributaries that feed them, are central to the view, texture and perfume that make the Santa Barbara back country unique. And, once again, much of their quality is based on the combination of opposites that is so typical here. Like the sandstone ridges that may be at once rough and sinuous, these streams contain moods of sometimes violent contrast.

Michael Parfit, who has recently left Santa Barbara to publish the weekly “Star News” in McCall, Idaho, is writing a book on coal strip mining in Montana. He has appeared in Reader's Digest, The New York Times, The Christian Science Monitor, Field and Stream, and has written two cover stories for New Times.

Most of the time the back country streams are innocuous—delicious little rills of water, stained green and yellow with algae that thickens as spring progresses. There are deep pools which contain trout so hungry they will sometimes sample small white pebbles thrown at them; there is the everlastingly soothing melody of waterfalls; and there are wide, shallow reaches of water where, on a hot day, one can lie on the bottom with only his head out, half dozing in cool luxury while the little fish nibble his toes.

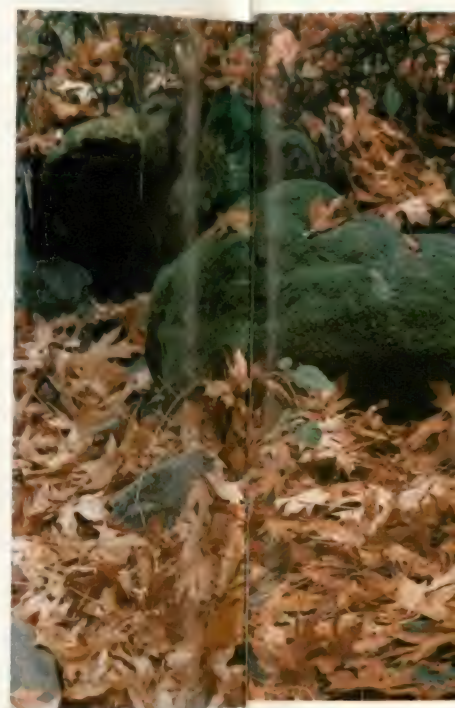
Each of these streams has such places, and each also has its own fair-weather character. Manzana, a small but very popular stream in the San Rafael Wilderness, is a thread that sometimes gets lost in its own boulders and often gets choked with algae by late spring. The Sisquoc, the most remote of the streams, which rises near Big Pine Mountain and usually vanishes into the earth before it reaches the first road, 25 miles west, runs down from forests through chaparral into a widening valley, past acres of gravel bars, occasional old homesteads, and the marijuana plantations of modern fugitives. And the Sespe runs the other way, rising not far east of Big Pine and meandering farther eastward through a spacious valley to make its knee-bend north of Fillmore and plunge south past hot springs into an aggressively vertical canyon full of purple cliffs and places where, if a person wants to get through, he has to put his pack on an air mattress and swim.

But when the rains come, the Sespe, the Sisquoc, the Manzana and all the other streams have the same reaction: They glower, brood, turn murky, swell, snarl and burst into flood. It is as if the body of the mountains is sleeping, living on a pulse we can't feel, until the rain breaks loose the vein of power.

I try not to go into the back country during a winter storm, which may mean I have more wisdom than some of my other habits seem to indicate. But anyone who visits in spring can see evidence of the havoc of the floods. I remember walking on a gravel bar in the Sespe one spring, out of sight and sound of the creek, and coming upon a solitary tree planted in bleached rocks. It was broken off about eight feet up and the truncated fork that remained had caught a tangle of twigs,

bark and other debris. There was a flicker of green in these branches, but the rest was grey, and the broken tree looked like the survivor of a holocaust carrying out the body of a friend. The grim simile fit, I learned later. A year before, in January 1969, the Sespe's flood had killed a troop of boys and all but one of their adult leaders when they tried to cross the stream on a bulldozer.

There is nothing gentle about the Santa Barbara back country, least of all about the bird that is its symbol, the California Condor. Even in the sense that it is a carrion eater and its nests therefore possess a distinctive and powerful odor, the condor is appropriate. And yet even here is a paradox. This bird, the largest in North America, an ugly, bald-headed survivor of the Pleistocene age that looks powerful enough to wrestle a live deer to the ground, is the most fragile thing in the



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wilderness. The latest U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service estimate is that 40 to 45 condors remain.

I have seen only one condor, but I consider myself luckier than most. It was floating above a ridge, milking the updraft for lift with its rectangular plank wings and long feather fingers, and it was being harassed by a raven. The raven darted and swooped, looking as small as a sparrow as the condor droned on, turned with hardly a flexing of wings, and swept behind the ridge. The raven had to flap, clumsy in the air, but the condor, leaning on the finesse of ancient habit, just glided. As it vanished I had an image of a lonely Liberator bomber, its four radial engines obsolete past the point of repair, venturing, dazed, into a modern battle, with the air full of Sidewinder missiles and nuclear flak.

And in many ways the condor is a kind of weapon in the fight over the future of

the Santa Barbara back country. Ever since its presence in the Sisquoc drainage turned public opinion against a proposed road into the Sierra Madre in the 1930's, the condor's uncertain existence has helped put a number of resource development projects on indefinite hold. As long as the big old bird patrols it, the land will probably remain relatively free from permanent human intrusion. The condor is both a reason and an excuse to preserve the wilderness quality of the back country. But if the last bird dies, that special atmosphere that makes the Santa Barbara back country unique may decline and die with it.

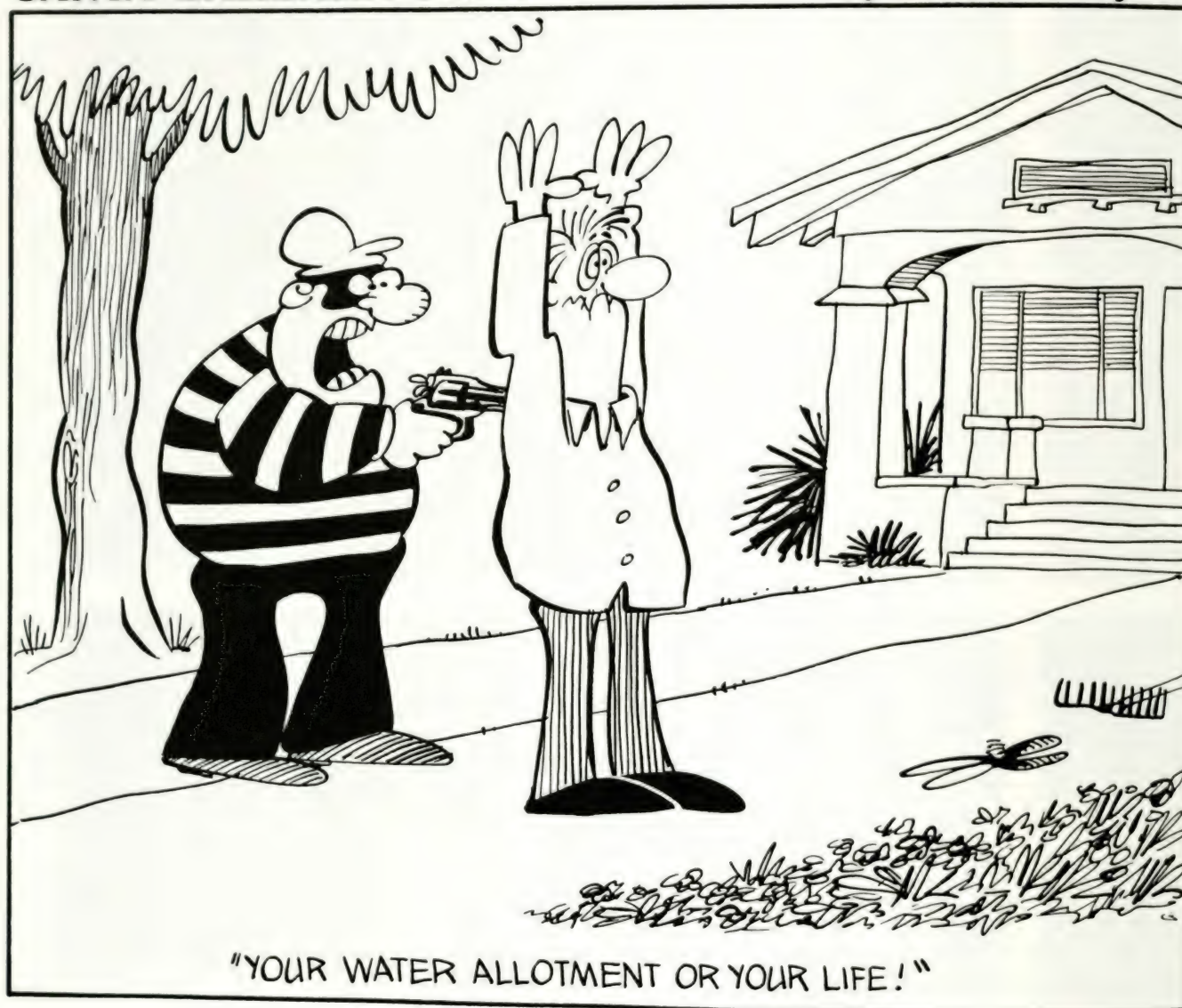
Today, however, that rare quality remains intact, and I'd prefer to celebrate it than to lament it before it is gone. But a final definition of just what is so precious about this land eludes me. The aroma? The rocks? The chaparral? The forests? The water? Nothing quite so tangible.

But it is at least something like the quality that Willa Cather, in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, found in the air of the Southwest. I have often remembered that description while visiting the back country, but it seemed most accurate one morning not long ago when I was lying half awake in my sleeping bag under an oak tree at the confluence of the Sisquoc's south fork and main stream, bathed in the chaparral smell and watching the early sun unfurl day on the stone of the high ledges:

"...that lightness, that dry aromatic odor...one could breathe...only on the bright edges of the world...Something soft and wild and free, something that whispered to the ear on the pillow, lightened the heart, softly, softly picked the lock, slid the bolts, and released the prisoned spirit of man into the wind, into the blue and gold, into the morning, into the morning!" □

SANTA BARBARA SCENES

by Russell Myers



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A History and
Guide to Prevention
**Sycamore Canyon:
Santa Barbara's
Last Fire?**

By Jerry Dunn

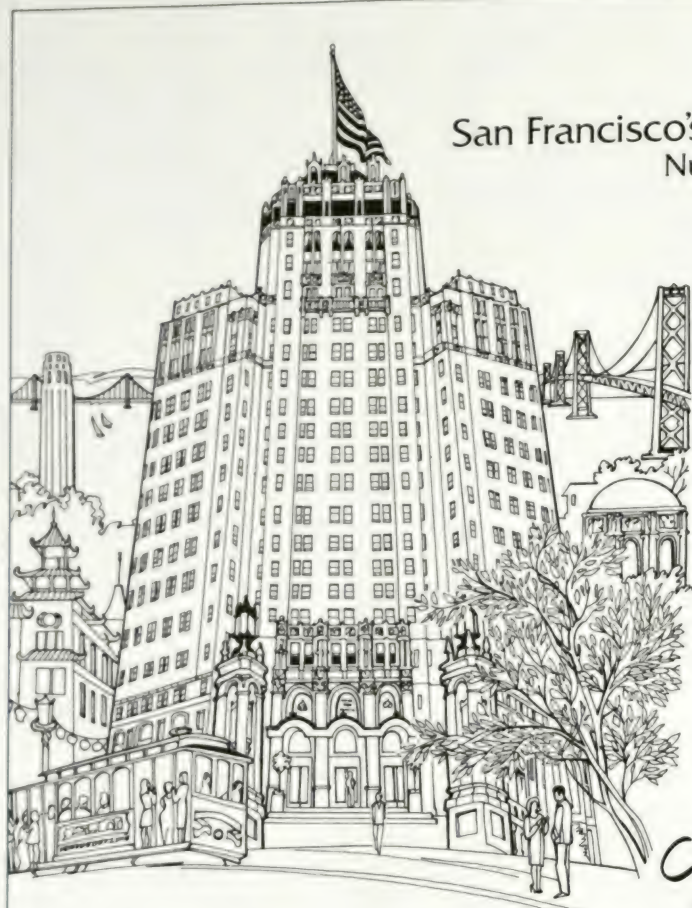


Twenty minutes before a kite hit an overhead line on the windy night of July 26, 1977 near the intersection of Mountain Drive and Coyote Road, a fire truck patrolling on "red flag" alert had driven by, found nothing amiss, and continued on its way. Our back door was left open, so to speak, and an uninvited intruder entered.

Santa Barbara is hardly the lone victim of fire. There are 300 blazes in the United States every hour. A home burns every 38 seconds. Studying fire's personality, though, may help us to stop it; all our recent fires — the Refugio (1955), Coyote (1964), Wellman (1966), Romero Canyon (1971) and Sycamore (1977) — share common characteristics.

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For sheer ferocity, though, the Sycamore outdid the others. The Coyote and Romero Canyon fires lasted 13 and 10 days, but this blaze accomplished most of its destruction in a few hot hours on a windy Tuesday night.

From a patch of burning brush two yards across, the fire spread down the canyon faster than a man can run. This seems like less of a feat when one considers that in terms of fuel, a pound of brush is the equivalent of a pound of gasoline.

When the Sycamore fire was contained 36 hours later, the statistics would show: 745 acres burned and 280 homes destroyed or damaged (216 totally). Of every four houses touched by the fire, three burned to their foundations. Losses reached \$30 million, but contrary to national news about the "wealthy" losing large "estates," the average family income of those burned out was \$16,348, with their homes worth \$100,000, moderate in today's market. But they were woefully underinsured, their policies averaging just \$48,633, with 22 owners or renters having no coverage at all.

Fires are considered acts of God (by insurance companies) or acts of man (by police arson units). Or, like this accidental man-caused blaze, they may be both: Electrical fire came raining to earth at the tug of a kitestring amok in the wind, in a cruel twist on Benjamin Franklin's noble experiment.

During the ensuing fire, endangered residents muttered prayers that the wind would die, or at least shift away from their own small world. Santa Ana winds sweeping in from the desert and "sundowner" winds (caused by a change in air flow when sunset cools the land) acted like bellows feeding a blacksmith's forge. Some residents remembered that in 1955, the wind had overcome a 72-mile containing ring of men and equipment to send the Refugio fire sprawling out of control again after six embattled days.

The wind, holding the whip hand, forced human and animal populations ahead of it like slaves under the lash. A howling chorus of foxes and coyotes, themselves evacuees, could be heard in the canyons near Refugio. A story in the *Santa Barbara News-Press* recounted that "a deer was seen panting at the ocean's edge, and cattle broke fences or were freed and roamed everywhere amid exploding oak trees, burning brush and blistered earth."

During the Sycamore fire eucalyptus trees, whose leaves had been pre-heated

by the advancing flames and dried out by the wind, burst into flames so loudly that shouts could not be heard.

A similar principle of ignition applied to houses. The air inside them became oven-hot and pre-heated the walls, drapery and furniture. When a window broke and oxygen rushed in, the houses blew up like bombs.

Otherworldly sights are common after such a fire: Corning Ware in perfect shape amidst the rubble; an auto whose tires melted and whose rims grew so hot they sank into the pavement, imbedding the car in the street. It is ironic that the only part of many houses to survive was the chimney.

But the greatest mystery is why some homes were spared in the middle of otherwise blackened slopes, left untouched when everything around them burned. Again, look to the wind. Gusting up to 75 miles an hour, it pushed the fire front along so fast that there was no time for it to burn all the homes and large trees. Later, embers and firebrands were blown back in what might be grimly termed a "backfire." Simply put, these firebrands landed on some houses and not on others. The wind as fate's agent.

Wind is just one element in a fire. Fuel is another. Scientists are studying plants to learn which are safest around homes in fire hazard areas, and in fuel breaks in timber and brush country. *The Los Angeles Times'* George Alexander points out that most plants have both good and bad points. Succulents, for example, are slow to burn because of their high moisture content, but are poor at controlling erosion because of their shallow roots and heavy bodies.

Citrus, avocado and macadamia nut trees are very resistant to fire, as are carob, California pepper and well-pruned fan palms, according to the U.S. Forest Service, which also recommends iceplant, Algerian ivy and African creeping daisy as ground covers. (It is vital that landscapes be watered; one or two irrigations in mid-summer can make the difference between a very flammable shrub and one that barely burns.)

Bougainvillea and pine and juniper trees are considered fire receptive. Pine cones drop to the ground and remain aflame, spreading the fire, while winds tear light branches loose and send them flying. Trees should not be allowed to grow in canopies alongside a house or under its roof eaves.

The Coyote fire in 1964 showed Santa

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(Title pages) Against a backdrop of smoke from the Romero Canyon fire, insets from the 1977 Sycamore blaze.

(This page) Views of the Sycamore Canyon fire and its aftermath.

Barbarians what happens to flammable vegetation. In its first 100 minutes, it erased the surface of 100 acres of land. Eventually 90,000 acres were lost. Avery Brundage's Ashley Road showplace with its lifetime collection of Asian art was one of 48 structures destroyed, and the old four-story Hot Springs Hotel went up in a curl of smoke, like pages of a history book touched to a match. Mme. Ganna Walska's "Lotusland" had a glass hot-house melted by the heat.

When a fire burns so swiftly and widely, fire departments face serious problems. Their equipment has come a long way from the three-gallon bucket which was standard in "bucket brigades" in early America—New York City now has a single pump truck that can deliver 8800 gallons of water a minute—but getting large and sophisticated equipment up wild canyons or across ravines is impossible. With its bulk, a pumper is as useless in a backlands fire as a knight who has fallen off his horse in heavy armor in a joust.

Airplanes and helicopters have therefore become the weapons of war against fire. In the Coyote blaze two converted B-17s were credited by the fire chief with saving Montecito and Santa Barbara from being burned to the water's edge. In addition to their loads of water or chemicals, some of these bombers carry infrared optical equipment which can map a fire's perimeter and locate hot spots even through a thick canopy of smoke. When targets are spotted the planes unload their fire retardant payloads, dyed red for tracing hits and misses on the terrain below.

Though borate was once widely used to smother wildfires, it also inconveniently defoliated the hills and has been largely replaced by ammonium sulfate and diammonium phosphate, which along with snuffing flames actually act as fertilizers to nurture new plants.

Special additives now produce such exotica as "light" water, whose foamy film can smother burning gasoline, and "wet" water, whose reduced surface tension can more easily penetrate dense materials like burning mattresses.

Ordinary water also works, but again the problem is getting it to the fire. Quenching the Sycamore blaze took only half the amount of water used on a normal day by city residents to brush their teeth and wash their dogs and cars. The problem was not supply, but distribution.

Nearly 6.6 million gallons flowed

through the hoses of homeowners trying to save their properties, only 1.1 million gallons through the hoses of firefighters. Usage by private citizens lowered the pressure, of course, but as City Fire Chief Walters points out: "You can't tell people not to hose down their houses, especially when the city only has seven pieces of equipment with three men each."

The real distribution problems occurred because of power failure, not citizen usage. Electricity went out at East Reservoir and at the Montecito Pump Station. Though city water generally comes to us through the force of gravity from high reservoirs, to get water to a certain height there must be a reservoir that high. If there is none, or if gravity does not provide enough pressure, pumps are used as boosters. Pumps need power.

Power outages mean, then, that higher areas, like Las Alturas Road where more than 40 houses burned, lose most or all of their water pressure.

To solve this problem, the city is installing connections at many locations for portable, diesel-operated pumps which can push 750 gallons per minute through a hose. And it has received a recommendation to install larger mains.

When the Sycamore fire began, the hydrant at Sycamore Canyon and Coyote Roads was virtually useless. On a substandard main, at the end of the line where it is the last hydrant to get water, it produced nothing but the noise of sucking air. In September a temporary hydrant was installed 150 feet away to serve until the city public works department revamps the water system.

Though water only trickled in to the fire area, gawkers streamed in. Hundreds of rubber-neckers clogged entry and exit roads and blocked the driveways of people trying to get out with family members, pets and possessions. Spectators are continually asked to stay clear of local fires; this year those requests turned to arrests.

At least one confirmed near-miss between a private plane and a firefighting plane in the air over the 1971 Romero Canyon fire shows the absurdity of sight-seeing during an emergency.

Yet fire casts an inexorable spell on many of those who are not involved life-and-limb. "It's beautiful and it's horrible," said one little girl watching the fire in Romero Canyon. Indeed, fire combines the fascination of both the beauty and the beast; it is as compelling as the cathedral at Notre Dame and as appal-

ling, as hard to turn away from, as the Hunchback. It is no wonder, then, that fire evokes mixed emotions. As well as being the element most comforting to us, it is the most terrifying.

How can uncontrolled fires be prevented, then? Subjects like controlled burning, flood control and building code requirements entwine technical questions with political, legal and financial issues.

These are emotional issues as well. Many professional forest managers and fire fighters, for example, are trying to overcome public opinion that every fire is in itself bad. In a country that has grown up with Smokey the Bear, resistance is high, indeed.

Wildfires, though, are part of the natural cycle of forests and grasslands, and in the Santa Barbara region trees like the Knob cone pine actually depend on fire to open their tightly bound cones for successful regeneration.

But government policy has followed the mandate of public opinion and suppressed all wildfires; this has led to an abnormal build-up of highly combustible scrub vegetation in areas that once probably contained a mixture of brush and grass lands.

"The blame for intense wildfires is usually placed on the smoker, the careless camper, the arsonist or lightning," says Dr. Harold Biswell, professor emeritus of UC Berkeley's school of forestry. "Seldom is it placed on our own carelessness in letting ground fuels build up to dangerous levels."

As a part of its land management policy, the U.S. Forest Service in the county adopted in 1973 what it calls a "prescribed burning" program, to reduce fuel hazards by breaking up blocks of older brush. In prescribed burn areas lightning or a careless match should ignite only a "cool" fire and not a conflagration.

Of course, there are problems. If a guided fire gets out of control it can do as much harm as any wild blaze. Controlled burning means dirtier air, the reason why the county banned it eight years ago (though at that time it contributed only two percent of our air pollution.)

But the most serious danger of regulated burning is that the land may flood later in the year. The Forest Service's information officer, Ed Waldapfel, says: "You hear all about how the Indians set controlled fires—how ships going by saw columns of smoke rising from the Santa Barbara hills. And people say we should do the same. But conditions of life have

changed since then. Huge floods occurred after those fires, and on the flood plains where the silt ran down there are now farms and houses and people. So we can't afford to do now as they did then."

Under normal conditions the roots of plants keep soil in place, while the leafy litter accumulated on the surface takes the force of raindrops; together, these plant elements prevent erosion. A wild-fire, however, reverses the situation. Dead root systems no longer bind the soil as firmly; raindrops hit the ground directly, like many light taps with a chisel, carving away the slopes; ash seals the surface and causes a high runoff of rainwater. Under conditions like these, the lightest rain can create severe floods and mudslides.

County flood control engineer James Stubbs points out that "there's a great risk in controlled burning because we don't know in advance how heavy the rains are going to be. In less steep country and not behind an urban area, controlled burning would be a better tool."

And Chief Oaks of the County Fire Department adds: "Fuel management only works where there's not a lot of urban interface with the wild land. If there are buildings in an area, that eliminates controlled burning as a preventive method."

But a 1967 report to the Board of Supervisors noted that during the Coyote fire, the areas where controlled burning had been done were left unscathed. And Harwood A. (Bendy) White, a former member of the county planning commission, finds great significance in the fact that where the Coyote fire had burned, the Sycamore did not. (The two blazes began within 100 yards of the same spot.)

Furthermore, White has written in the *News-Press* that the Sycamore fire "could have been rendered nearly harmless if good management procedures had been in effect during the last decade... if government policy supported controlled burning and other 'fuels modification' practices."

Waldapfel replies: "There are a lot of Monday morning quarterbacks." Even if there had been controlled burning, he says, "with conditions like that night, fire is almost impossible to control. The wind just blows it from house to house."

Yet, with nearly one quarter of the county blanketed in flammable brush, it does not seem prudent to close the case for regulated burning. Perhaps city and county fire districts can supply homeowners with the equipment and personnel to chip brush and incinerate it safely.

Chief Oaks feels, however, that a person who chooses to build in a high risk area "should pay for the increased costs of protecting him, not benefit from the tax money of people who don't live in those areas."

Whoever pays for it, the public or the private sector, the costs of controlled burning are sure to be less than those of another major fire in Santa Barbara.

Of the \$30 million lost in the Sycamore fire, \$28 million represents lost houses. Owners of damaged property will receive some small tax breaks from the county, but the overall damage, immense as it was, could not persuade President Carter and his Federal Disaster Assistance Administration to grant the \$787,000 for temporary housing (mostly trailers) and debris removal sought by Governor Brown.

There is little temporary housing in Santa Barbara under the best conditions, and after a few weeks fire victims are reluctant to stay on with generous friends and neighbors. As of mid-August, 111 families comprising 316 people needed someplace to live. Their numbers are expected to swell as victims leave the homes of friends.

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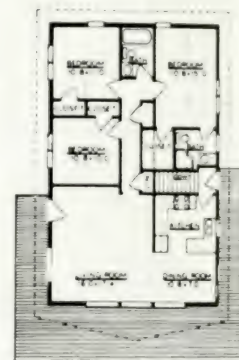
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guilty of spreading many exaggerated and inaccurate stories about the Sycamore fire, they got one fact straight: This is still an old-fashioned community

where people care about—and for—one another. They did, with labor, shelter, food, clothing and backbone. This rediscovery is a flower among the thorns. □

Jerry Dunn, recently appointed Managing Editor, has been editor of Coronet, has written for People and has acted in movies produced in India.

This list of preventive do's and don't's has been compiled from various fire fighting agencies in Santa Barbara.

—Carry adequate fire insurance. This precaution is the only one guaranteed to work. Itemize every valuable possession, taking pictures of antiques, paintings, rugs, furniture and anything else an insurance company might try to deny you owned. Document everything you possess. Then insure it.

—Keep important papers in a fireproof box, or in a safe deposit box at a bank.

—Clear the area around your house. The city requires a radius of 30 feet to be stripped of debris, brush and other burnable material, not including trees and ornamental planting.

—Follow city and county building regulations for high hazard areas whether you live in one or not. If you own or build a wooden house, treat it with fire retardant chemicals. Install a fireproof roof. Make large decks solid (rather than gapped with spacing blocks for leaves to fall through) so that a fire can't get going beneath it.

—Pools should be installed with a "hard suction outlet" to allow firemen to attach a hose and drain the pool onto a fire. Invest in a good gasoline-powered pump; on many occasions houses have been destroyed while 20,000 gallons of water stood by idly a few feet away. If all else fails, throw things like table silver into the pool.

—Install heat or smoke detection devices. It has been estimated that half of the 12,000 Americans killed annually in fires could be saved with these detectors. Have a pre-arranged family escape plan.

—Close up your house if you are forced to evacuate. Chief Walters of the City Fire Department guesses that "fifty percent of the places lost in the Sycamore fire had doors and windows open." For fire to enter a house, it has to get in a hole. When a spark blows through a window, it ignites the drapes, spreads across the carpet to the furniture and soon the house is burning from the inside out. If you can do so safely, take time to close down the house before you leave.

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Flying "A" Days

With a little (bad) luck, Santa Barbara could have been Hollywood.



by Margaret Cool

Photographs: Joel Conway Historical Collection

Hollywood was still a scraggly vineyard surrounded by a hedge of holly when the world's largest motion picture studio was located 100 miles up the coast in Santa Barbara.

From 1913 to 1920, the American Film Company turned out a staggering 1200 movies: melodramas, westerns, comedies and serials. Santa Barbara townsfolk found themselves standing in line at the butcher's and baker's with such former stars as Mary Miles Minter (then reigning queen of the silent films), Wallace Reid,

Pauline Bush, Ford Sterling, the Pickford sisters (Mary and Lottie), Richard Bennett and his daughters Constance and Joan, William Desmond, Eugene Pallette, Jack Kerrigan—and scores of others who enjoyed a brief fling with fame, then sank into oblivion.

Bronco Billy Anderson was one. A vaudeville performer whose career had succumbed to inertia, Billy came to Santa Barbara about the time the American Film Company was gaining momentum. He drifted into westerns and, almost over-

night, became the John Wayne of his day. During a brief but sensational stardom, Billy made hundreds of one- and two-reelers and then vanished into the sunset.

Santa Barbara's golden age of film began in 1912 when Samuel S. Hutchinson, a Chicago film-maker, visited the city and exclaimed: "This town has everything! Perfect climate, mountains, islands, the ocean, beautiful beaches, brush country—and those magnificent Montecito estates so reminiscent of French and Italian villas."

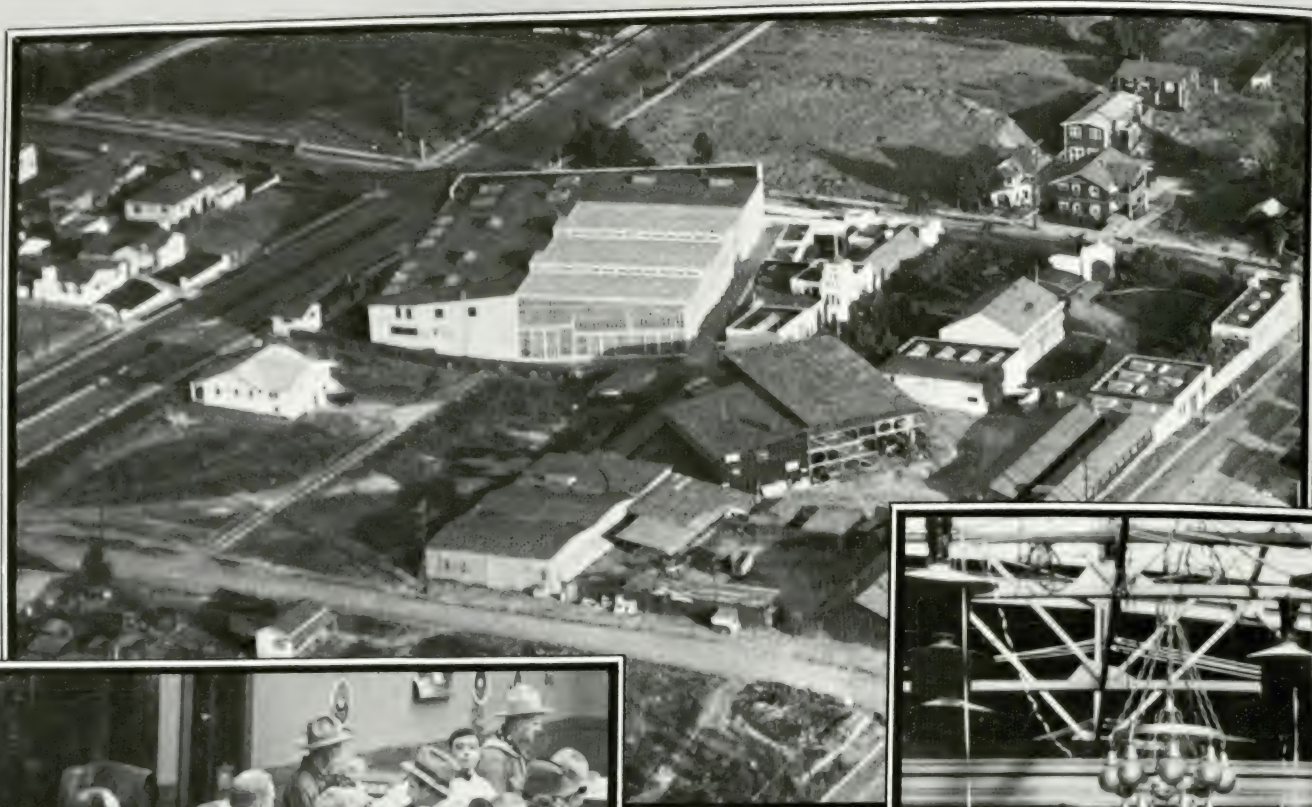


Mary Miles Minter poses with the famous Singer Midgets in front of the American Film Company (above) and behind the camera in a publicity still (left).

William Desmond Taylor (right) directs a western while a Flying "A" cameraman named Middleton (top) cranks an early model.



Margaret Cool, who lives in Carpinteria, conducted a daily interview program over KNX radio in Hollywood, where the motion picture studios were her favorite haunts. Her writing has appeared in Seventeen, Westways and many other magazines.





(Opposite) Aerial view of Flying "A" studios (top) in 1920, with State Street on the left, Chapala to the right, Mission Street on the far side.

Actor in black levels a gun on a western set at left; on right, an anonymous hero emotes during a masque ball scene.

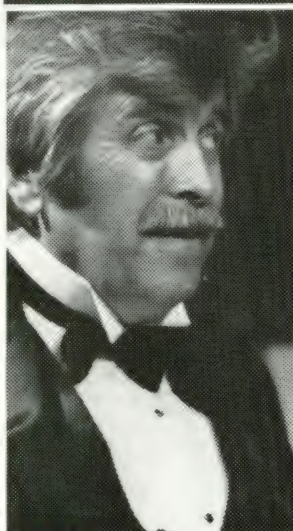
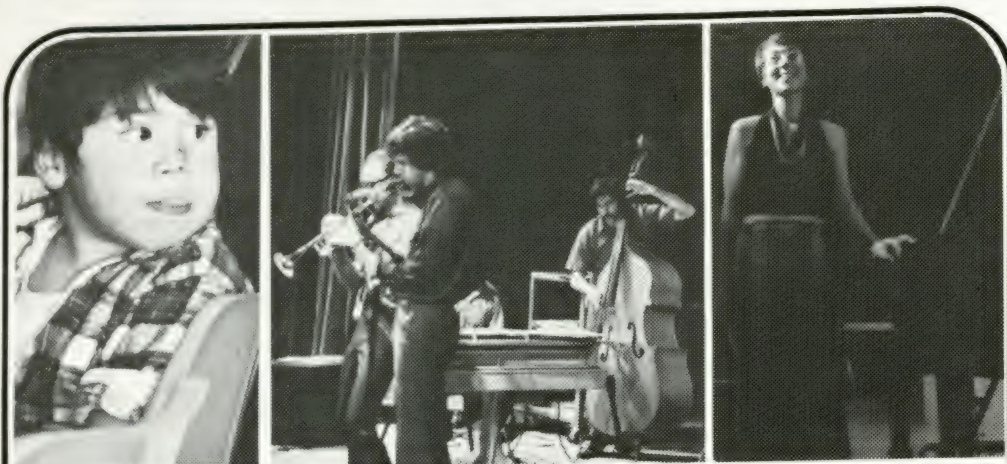
At bottom, William Russell and his trained animals.

(This page) History in the making: Audrey Munson (above) appeared in the movies' first nude scene for the 1916 film "Purity." At right, another shot. This glass negative was nearly effaced by someone with wounded sensibilities, but the lone crusader for morals failed to halt the public's interest in such matters.

At left, Richard Bennett, the father of Constance and Joan, is seen with local children—now probably grandmothers—who were hired by Flying "A" as extras.



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Santa Barbara did indeed furnish whatever backgrounds the films required. Cowboy chases could be shot through its wild chaparral country, South Sea island films (so popular at that time) on its beaches; the estates of Montecito were perfect for elegant drawing-room dramas, the old Lobero Theatre for rough-and-tumble saloon scenes; and the nearby Oxnard sand dunes doubled as the great Arabian desert.

So in 1912 the American Film Company was organized with Hutchinson as its president and its symbol the Flying "A". Operating on a shoestring, it was first located on what had been an ostrich (!) farm, consisting of a ramshackle house and a backyard sheltering seven scrubby birds. These were evicted and the Flying "A" was in business.

Santa Barbara merchants happily hailed the arrival of the film colony and vied for the newcomers' lucrative trade. An ad for a famous local emporium in *Photoplay Art* of August 1916 boasted: "The Diehl Store is 'distinctly different' from the ordinary grocery. There is an air of refinement peeping forth from our magnificent stock that appeals to the quality buyer." And the J. A. Walton Company came up with this beauty in the same issue: "The calls of the Film Folk are so diversified and often so unexpected, running as they do from the sublime to the ridiculous, it taxes the mind and stock of any merchant to always be ready when the call comes. Our lines of ready-to-wear garments, millinery, waists, corsets, etc. are forever changing, coming and going like regular movies."

Equally delighted with the movie colony's coming were the town's ordinary citizens, who not only lined up to watch the outdoor filming but frequently signed on as "extras." Since this was the day of silent films, there was no dialogue to learn. The director simply sketched out the action and—*voilà*—instant actors. Earning the munificent sum of five dollars a day, these amateurs often threw themselves into their work with a bit too much vigor—especially during fight scenes. In one cowboy brawl, the director had to physically break up a staged battle that threatened to end in all-too-realistic mayhem.

Just watching the action back then was hazardous. In the film *The House of a Thousand Scandals*, the climax was to be the dynamiting of an old house "out in the country" (at what is now the busy area

where State Street becomes Hollister Avenue). The public was invited to witness this exciting event and 2000 people turned out. It proved an exciting event indeed when an over-enthusiased crew set off a charge that not only blew the house to splinters but sent debris flying over a wide area. There is no record of fatalities; perhaps everyone ducked in time.

Often, fires concluded Flying "A" films. Frequent notices appeared in the morning paper telling readers not to fear if La Cumbre Peak seemed to be erupting that afternoon: those mountain-top flames were the work of special-effects men, not of angry gods.

But the movie-makers neglected to warn downtown shoppers about an auto collision planned as part of one wild chase scene. With their wheels guided by the streetcar tracks then running down State Street, two cars filled with dummy passengers were to reduce each other to scrap iron. Everything went as planned until one car jumped the tracks. As "bodies" sailed through the air, panicked crowds scattered, horns honked, horses reared and women fainted. The hero of the day was a cowboy on horseback who chased the runaway, driverless car and roped it to a halt.

These epics were shorter than today's films, averaging about 1000 feet. But Flying "A" cameraman Roy F. Overbaugh's hand-cranked camera held only a 400-foot roll of 35 mm film. Overbaugh solved this technical problem by hollering when the end of the film appeared, a signal for the actors to freeze while he re-loaded the camera.

In spite of unpredictable mishaps and time out for film-changing, most movies were completed in a matter of days. The *Santa Barbara News-Press* of July 13, 1912, reported: "A new world's record was made today when a 1000-foot story was filmed by Flying "A" in two hours and fifteen minutes. Filming on *The Stranger* began at 9:45 am. By noon, the villain was hung and everybody went home."

Hiring for movie jobs was equally speedy. Flying "A"'s fine second cameraman, Robert V. Phelan, was a successful engineer whose fate drew him from San Francisco to Santa Barbara on a visit to his friend Roy Overbaugh, the film company's lone cameraman. Swamped with work, Overbaugh begged his friend to apply for a job in that department.

"But I know absolutely nothing about



dianes . . . "a great fashion store"

costa mesa
santa barbara

sherman oaks
woodland hills

a NEW DAY . . .
a NEW WAY . . .
in fashion.

DIA

LA CUMBRE PLAZA — SANTA BARBARA
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The Irony An historical, political, and environmental look at **Oil**



The Irony An historical, political, and environmental look at **Oil**



PART ONE

Early Development: Wildcatters and Weasels

By Walker A. Tompkins

The presence of oil under the Santa Barbara Channel coast was well known even in prehistoric times, as evidenced by the many ways the Quabajai or Chumash aborigines employed asphaltum in their culture. They used it to caulk their unique plank canoes, to waterproof their basketry, and to affix flint barbs to their weaponry and fishhooks. Inexhaustible sources of this substance were available from tar pits near Carpinteria beach, surface deposits on the present university campus near Goleta, and from extrusions along the sea cliffs between More Mesa and Dos Pueblos.

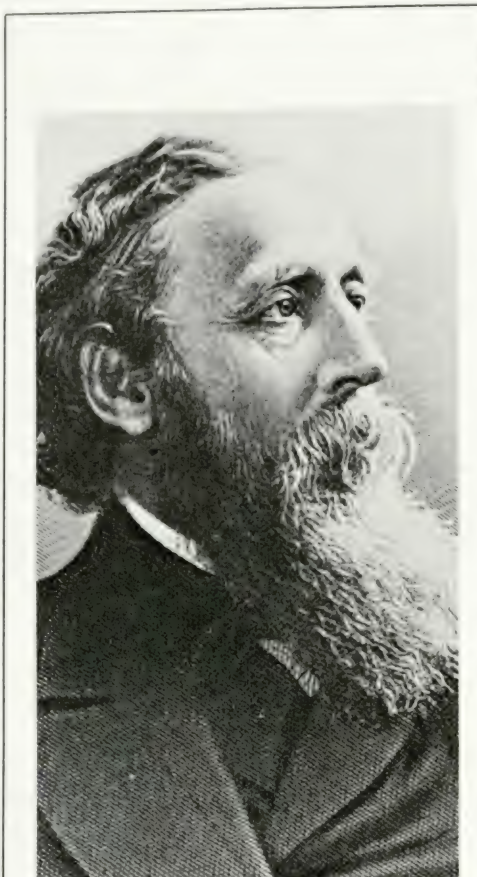
The first white men arrived in 1769 with Portola's *conquistadores*. They paused to examine an Indian "canoe factory" or *carpinteria* at the place still bearing that name. Portola did not identify the caulking "pitch" as being of bituminous origin; that was first recognized and recorded by a Franciscan grayfriar, Padre Pedro Font, in 1776, shortly before the Liberty Bell proclaimed American independence on the east coast.

Padre Font was a member of Juan Bautista de Anza's colonizing party. While plodding along the beach around Coal Oil Point on the way toward Refugio Beach, he begrimed his priestly sandals and the hem of his habit with smears of pesky black stuff which the natives called *capapote*, or in Spanish, *la brea*. The adhesive goo had been cast ashore from petroleum seeps on the ocean floor, and no amount of water, soap or elbow grease would clean it off.

Oil, for good or ill, has had an omnipresent impact on the lives of Channel coast residents from that day to this. . . .

When a presidio was established at Santa Barbara in 1782, the Spaniards used tar and tules to roof their adobes pending the installation of tiles. This was also done at Santa Barbara Mission starting in 1786. It remained for American enterprise, of course, to recognize the monetary value of asphaltum deposits.

A physician from New York State, Samuel B. Brinkerhoff, hung out his



Dr. Samuel Brinkerhoff's claim that the odor of oil slicks on the channel would cure pulmonary disease made Santa Barbara a health-seekers' Mecca in the 1870s and 1880s.

shingle in Santa Barbara in 1852. Whether through guile or ignorance, he advertised far and wide that sufferers from respiratory ailments could be cured if they sniffed what Dr. Brinkerhoff called "the oleaginous fumes wafting shoreward on the sea zephyrs" from the oil slicks which have always glazed the surface of the channel. A gullible public swallowed this for gospel truth and by the '70s and '80s Santa Barbara had a reputation as a "sanatorium city" or a "Mecca for the moribund." There was abundant "proof" that persons suffering from tu-

berculosis, asthma, emphysema, bronchitis and similar pulmonary problems had only to come to Santa Barbara, sniff the oil-scented sea breezes, and become healthy and robust within a few months. That this medical miracle was actually wrought by Santa Barbara's salubrious Mediterranean climate was never discussed by Dr. Brinkerhoff, who reaped a financial harvest from the influx of health-seekers.

In addition to Dr. Brinkerhoff's exploitation of petroleum odors, his Yankee contemporaries were not long in commercializing land-based asphaltum deposits. In 1874 T. Wallace More, owner of More Ranch near Goleta, built a wharf at what is now 1148 South More Ranch Road and began shipping bulk asphaltum chopped from the thick strata of tar which still oozes from the mesa bluffs. San Francisco's first paving, on Powell Street, came from this deposit. So did blacktopping for the streets of New Orleans' Vieux Carré.

In 1890 the Alcatraz Asphaltum Company dug a shaft 600 feet deep under a bean field on Gus Den's Rincon Ranch (now the University campus), with side drifts or tunnels tapping the main ore body of tar at varying levels. The shaft house, engineworks and stables occupied the present site of UCSB's Speech and Dramatic Arts building. When it was operating at peak capacity the Alcatraz mine produced 60 tons of almost pure tar every 24 hours. Farmers hauled the product in wagons to a Southern Pacific siding near today's Ward Memorial Boulevard, for shipment all over the country.

The Goleta operation was phased out in 1898, not because the ore body was depleted, for it seemed to replenish itself daily, but because Alcatraz could make more money working their strip mine in Brea Canyon on the Sisquoc Ranch in the north central part of Santa Barbara County. Sisquoc tar, liquified by naphtha, flowed by gravity through 40 miles of iron pipe to a refinery at Alcatraz, on the coast near Gaviota. The naphtha was



The Mesa's startling skyline, 1927.



Kate Bell's Cactus Patch, site of the Ellwood discovery.



Cleaning a wharf well off Summerland in the 1920s.



Ellwood field cratered by Japanese sub shelling, 1942.

pumped back to the Sisquoc in another pipe for recycling. Alcatraz also operated the Carpinteria Tar Pits from 1909 through 1920, digging out cubes of tar with heated shovels and loading them into railroad cars at the site.

But geologists knew that surface asphaltum was indicative of oil and gas at deeper levels, if one knew where to drill. Deeds to real estate began including mineral rights clauses as early as the 1860s, specifically mentioning petroleum. An early proof of the existence of subterranean oil came in 1877 when workmen drilling a water well west of Sandyland Cove, Carpinteria, had to abandon the job because they hit oil-bearing sands at 180 feet. The well-diggers were unaware that they held the key to a discovery which could have made them rich.

In his 1958 autobiography *California Editor*, the late Thomas M. Storke wrote concerning asphaltum deposits and oil slicks:

"These obvious clues attracted the attention of the public and the investigation of geologists as far back as the late 1860s. The first study of the Santa Barbara County coastal area for oil purposes was made by A. S. Cooper, a civil engineer who wrote the first official literature on the subject. Cooper was so sure of his findings that he made numerous attempts to persuade commercial oil developers to drill test wells, but did not succeed. Cooper died before his findings were verified many years afterwards."

Among geologist "Gus" Cooper's unheralded discoveries was an anticline, or A-shaped fold in the earth's crust, visible on the face of a seacliff at Las Armas Canyon near Winchester Canyon. Anticlines often surmount cavities, similar to attic space under a roof peak, in which gas and oil are trapped. This proved to be the case at Las Armas Canyon, years later.

While Cooper was conducting his geological survey along the coast west of Santa Barbara, to the east a spiritualist colony named "Summerland," for the Seventh Heaven of the cult, was platted on the rolling slopes beyond Ortega Hill, the ridge which divides Montecito from the Carpinteria Valley. The late May Lambert, who came to Summerland in 1892 and died there in 1974 in her hundredth year, wrote in her published memoirs:

"There was natural gas in the ground in many parts of town. We used to go out after supper and play baseball along what is now Lillie Avenue. When it be-

gan to get dark they would drive short pieces of pipe into the ground about five or six inches, and would light them, and there would be a gas flame at least a foot high from the top of each pipe. Fifteen or twenty pipes along the edge of the road gave plenty of light to play ball after dark. When they got called in to go to bed, each child had a flat board and they would whack the board down over the flame and put it out. People didn't care if they used these flares, and they didn't have to pull the pipes up as there wasn't much traffic."

Around 1894 one of Mrs. Lambert's Summerland neighbors, Smith Cole, started digging a water well on his town lot. To his great disgust, every morning he would find the hole half-filled with black crude oil. Deciding that if nature was denying him water on his property he might as well profit from his bad luck, Mr. Cole proceeded to bail out the oil with a bucket, filling barrels which he put on his wagon and hauled to Santa Barbara where he sold it to laundries for boiler fuel.

H. L. Williams, the entrepreneur who had promoted the spiritualist colony, leased a cable tool rig and tapped oil sands at 455 feet, igniting a wildcating boom which extended into the new century. Within a year 28 stubby wooden derricks had sprouted like dandelion stalks on the low mesa above the railroad tracks and down onto the beach as far as the high tide mark, the first year's production being 16,905 barrels of high-gravity crude which found a ready sale at southland refineries.

Knowledgeable oil men soon discovered that the Summerland beach was only the northern rim of a profitable oil structure lying under the ocean. So for the first time in the history of intercontinental petroleum prospecting, wharves were built out over the surf at Summerland and oil wells were drilled from the wharves. The hitherto-unknown spectacle of over-the-ocean oil wells was capitalized upon by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which featured pictures of the unique Summerland oil wells in its national advertising to attract tourist travel.

A major independent, the Seaside Oil Company (since merged with Phillips Petroleum) was born in Summerland after 1910. Its small seaside refinery was put on stream to process Summerland crude produced by every shoestring operator around the "oil patch." The Summerland boom petered out around World



Photo by Jürgen Hilmer



War I, winter storms smashed the wharves and derricks, and by the Depression Thirties the boom had gone bust.

Oil activity in Santa Barbara County was not confined to the Channel coast. The Union Oil Company of California, founded in Santa Paula in 1890, sent a talented young engineer, Bill Orcutt, on scouting trips into the back country east of Santa Maria. Using a two-horse team and buckboard wagon, Orcutt made it a practice to seek out isolated sheep camps run by Basques, with whom he ingratiated himself by sharing his plentiful supply of bacon. In return for the sowbelly strips, the shepherders would tip off Orcutt where to find petroleum-scented outcrops in remote canyons. Orcutt was not above sniffing squirrel holes himself, and whenever his nostrils detected petroleum fumes from oil-bearing shale where the rodents had burrowed, he meticulously calculated the exact location and forwarded his information to the exploration department at Union's home office. As a direct result of young Orcutt's unorthodox geologizing methods, Union Oil became the dominating operator in the Santa Maria and Lompoc oil fields during the first five years of the century. In addition to leasing oil rights from thousands of acres of ranch land, Union bought vast amounts of land outright, including the ruins of La Purissima Mission, established in 1787 near Lompoc. (In the early 1930s, Union deeded this crumbling relic to the state for conversion into a historical park.)

Union used the primitive cable tool method of "making hole" in the pioneer days. A heavy bit was raised and dropped by a steam-powered walking beam, to drive a hole rapidly for the first 700 feet or so. But around 2000 feet the manila ropes developed so much stretch they became unusable. Steel cable solved this problem to a depth of 4000 feet, at which point the sheer weight of the cable became too great for the machinery to handle. This eventually led to the invention of rotary drilling, and the Hughes Tool Company's patented bits revolutionized the industry worldwide.

In those pioneer days the name of the Union Oil Company came to be associated with misfortune and bad luck, especially a series of costly, potentially lethal accidents with "gushers," or blow-outs. A joke circulated among oil men that if any accident-prone roughneck or tool pusher got fired he could "always find employment with Union." One of the
(Part I continued on page 46)

PART TWO

The Environmental Era

By Robert Sollen

There were public costs as well as benefits from the Summerland and Ellwood oil booms. One legacy is a waterfront cluttered with junk. Bill Northrop, head of the State Lands Division, says the clean-up—which already has cost the state hundreds of thousands of dollars—could cost a million more. Much of the rusted and rotted debris is buried under sand, mud and water, emerging from time to time to threaten swimmers, surfers, joggers, clamdiggers and beachwalkers. It will cost about \$50,000 just to find the elusive rubble and catalogue it.

The 2400-foot Ellwood Pier, with two drilling derricks still standing at the seaward end, has been offered to the county for recreational purposes. But it would cost more than a million dollars to accept the "gift." It needs much repair, plus parking places onshore and a road for access. The county, the state and its successive owners have haggled over the fate of the pier for years. Meanwhile it rots—the remaining major monument to the first days of Santa Barbara Channel's offshore oil boom.

In the early 1950s, when offshore oil technology was developing in the Gulf of Mexico and Santa Barbara County's onshore fields began drying up, oilmen pressured the California Legislature to open up the state's waters for drilling from offshore. (State waters extend three miles seaward.) Most production from offshore at that time was from land-based wells slant-drilled into the marine fields.

"You have to shake loose from the idea that there is any particular significance to a shoreline, geologically speaking, when you are hunting for oil," said Albert Rubel, a Union Oil vice president in the 1950s. But Santa Barbara and much of the rest of Southern California were terrified at the prospect. One group that jumped into the fight was the California Coastal Shoreline Protective Association. Hugh Martin of Los Angeles, its president, told the Legislature:

"Does it not strike you as ridiculous that at this time we

should allow ourselves to be stampeded into an all-out program of tideland development of doubtful merit which will deplete and destroy forever this valuable asset? . . . Consider the substantial revenue the whole state enjoys from the tourist trade which is largely attracted to California because of her beaches. The indiscriminate use of artificial structures in the tidelands as a base for oil wells . . . is absolutely certain to impair and in some instances destroy the recreational and residential value of these beaches . . .

"If a high-pressure well seriously gets out of control from an ocean platform, a major catastrophe could easily result . . . If we allow platform drilling, it will only be a matter of time and percentage before a well gets out of control."

Martin cooperated with T. M. Storke, owner and publisher of the *Santa Barbara News-Press* which fiercely resisted the advance of oil developers into the channel. And Storke also teamed up with city and county officials who were continuing an anti-oil struggle that began before the turn of the century.

When it became obvious in 1954 that the oil barons would get a leasing bill through the Legislature, Santa Barbara shifted its efforts toward getting a law that would at least protect the community's waterfront.

"For years Santa Barbarans have been outspoken in their determination that oil was not going to administer a death-blow to one of their greatest heritages, a beautiful shoreline," the *News-Press* said. In the end, the oil coalition got the bill that opened up state waters to their drilling bits, but Santa Barbara got a 13-mile sanctuary stretching from Summerland to Goleta.

The companies had a pretty good fix on where they wanted to drill, as they had blasted the waters with explosives in seismic testing, and geologists had drawn lines on maps extending the known onshore fields along their natural trends

into the channel. Between 1958 and 1967 seven permanent production platforms went up east and west of Santa Barbara, Standard Oil's four in clear view from the city. (Texaco and Phillips owned the others.) It was a decade of minor leaks and spills, but no major pollution.

But because oil fields have no respect for political boundaries, the federal government got nervous about crude being pumped from beneath state waters. It discovered that Standard Oil was producing from a field that extended into the federal zone, and decided that the company was draining away some of the federal share. Washington didn't want the state collecting royalties on federal oil. So in 1967, without much regard for what the locals thought, the Interior Department gave Phillips Petroleum permission to put up two platforms next to Standard's state lease. Santa Barbarans were incensed; they had not been asked nor even told about this first federal oil lease.

Because of the uproar, the Army Corps of Engineers ran through a sham hearing on the platform permits in November 1967. But the first platform was already on its way to the channel. Being forced to hold a hearing had distressed the Corps of Engineers, and they later called in Eugene Standley, a staff engineer in the Interior Department, for advice on how to handle local demands for a voice in these matters.

"I pointed out we had handled our own public relations business in Santa Barbara through city, county and state people and had chosen not to go the public hearing route," Standley wrote in a memo after the Pentagon meeting. "We had tried to warn the Los Angeles district engineer of the Corps of what he faced, and we preferred not to stir the natives up any more than possible." The memo, never meant for publication, turned up at a Senate hearing. Senator Alan Cranston called it a "rather colonial view of the people of California," about as charitable an interpretation as one could apply.

Having muddled through that ordeal,

PHOTO BY HENRY L. FECHTMAN



Santa Barbarans, who strongly object to offshore oil piers, pumps and platforms, drive 170,891 cars and trucks countywide.

the federal government now looked at the entire Santa Barbara Channel as its first full-scale California lease sale. The government needed more money for its adventure in Vietnam.

Santa Barbara, after banning onshore

drilling and fighting the state over offshore leasing, now took on Washington to try to keep the entire channel from being penetrated by drilling bits. They protested that the channel is rattled by more earthquakes than almost any other part

of the country; that it is home for thousands of species of birds, mammals, fish and plants; that tankers plough through at the rate of about 6000 a year, and that its beaches, shores and waters are a source of beauty on which Santa Barbara rests its economic life.

But Santa Barbara lost again, as it had to the state in 1955, and was offered a similar compromise: a buffer zone seaward of the state sanctuary. The Interior Department told Santa Barbara officials that "we feel that maximum provision has been made for local environment and that further delay in the lease sale would not be consistent with national interest or regional economic welfare." The oil industry was equally insistent. The Western Oil and Gas Association, representing the industry in the western states, told Santa Barbara that the oil companies would conduct operations "in such a manner that few, if any, local residents will be aware of the activity."

Before the end of 1968, Union Oil and its associates—Gulf, Mobil and Texaco—had two platforms over the shallow but prolific Dos Cuadros field five and a half miles off Summerland and Carpinteria. Union was in a hurry and readily got a federal waiver of certain well casing regulations.

But before the company had produced a single barrel of commercial oil, a well on Platform A got out of control, on January 28, 1969. When the valves were finally closed on the raging well, the backpressures forced oil and gas through ocean-bottom fissures around the platform and the sea appeared to be boiling. Estimates of the volume of the spill vary wildly, but probably two million gallons of oil spilled during the first 12 days, and another million in succeeding weeks and months. (After more than eight years, several barrels of oil still leak daily from the channel floor near the ill-fated platform.)

Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, just installed in office, rushed to the channel and ordered all drilling stopped. "I knew it was bad, but I didn't expect anything like this," he said. By March President Nixon was on the scene. "What is involved," he told a select group at Leadbetter Beach, which had been meticulously cleaned, "is something much bigger than Santa Barbara. What is involved is the use of our resources of the sea and of the land in a more effective way and with more concern for preserving the beauty and natural resources that are so important to any kind of society that we want for the

(Part II continued on page 47)

PART THREE

The World Beneath the Platforms

By Hillary Hauser

No diver in his right mind would explore the middle of the Santa Barbara channel. Most of it is deep, and all a diver might see, if he is lucky, would be a pelagic fish or two.

But there are spots in the channel that are oases in the sea—where fish come to congregate and feed by the thousands, where nudibranchs have proliferated, where mussels push barnacles for growing room, where starfish battle and crabs sidestep, where corals have taken root next to anemones of all sizes and colors. These reef communities are like isolated sea aquariums without walls, and oddly enough they are found below the offshore oil platforms in the channel.

My first introduction to the world beneath the platforms came about five years ago, when my photographer friend Bob Evans and I were given an assignment to go down, photograph and report what we saw. I had no preconceptions about the platforms other than that they were always causing *sturm und drang* on the mainland; but our job was to look with an unjaundiced eye. I didn't know what to expect and could only imagine crawling about a huge, gray erector set in the mid-ocean gloom.

When Bob and I first jumped in the water I was quite taken with the view: hallways of multicolored pipes that stretched down into a seemingly bottomless abyss. We had clear water, so when we got to 75 feet we could sit on a cross bracing and look up to about 30 feet, watching silver schools of fish undulating in the currents above us.

Between 30 and 75 feet, we found ourselves in the middle of a subsea bouillabaisse. Mussels were the most in evidence, their hard, black shells providing a substrate upon which other organisms could attach themselves. The strong fibers of the mussels, if we looked very, very closely, harbored many types of tiny animals.

Barnacles were also present in great numbers, particularly in the shallower depths of four to ten feet. As we watched, hundreds of them performed miniature



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB EVANS

fan dances, their feather-like appendages popping in and out of their volcano-shaped shells, twisting to catch the passing plankton.

Bob and I stopped at a section of black-shelled mussels, and as we looked, one of them released a milky white cloud into the water. We were watching the first step in mussel reproduction—the mollusks

releasing sperm and eggs into the water where the two unite. The fertilized eggs become floating larvae which drift with plankton, finally settling to a bottom, or solid substrate, where they begin life as the typical black-shelled mussels that we know.

The resident fish were having a heyday. They swarmed around the platform legs by the thousands, sea perches (white, black, rubberlip and pile) as well as numerous varieties of rockfish, sculpin and bass. We noticed that most of these fish stayed within the 30 to 50 foot depth range, and that most of the subsea life was concentrated here. As we went deeper, the water became cloudier, darker and less inhabited. Also less inviting. The inshore platforms (Hilda and Hazel, for example, jointly owned by Exxon and Chevron U.S.A.) are located in about 100 feet of water; the outer structures (such as platforms A, B and C, belonging to Union, Mobil, Gulf and Texaco) are in about 200 feet. But the fishes stay where the light is greatest, simply because there are more things to eat: Like plants on land, under-sea vegetation depends on sunlight for growth.

Between the ubiquitous barnacles and mussels were dense colonies of club anemones in bright oranges, deep reds, shocking pinks. Here and there were colonies of white metridium anemones, protruding from the pilings on their long, thick columns. We couldn't put our hands anywhere without squashing something.

We were interested to see that the anemones were segregated so completely by color. We didn't find a red one among the pinks, or a pink one in the oranges. They were definitely not mingling. Later, Shane Anderson, a collector/naturalist with the UCSB Department of Biology, told me that anemones develop "clones," or groups that form from one individual.

At the bottom, where the platform legs meet the sand and mud, Bob and I could see the recycling nature of the platform community. Piles and piles of mussel shells and other animal debris had fallen from above, quickly becoming food for the other animals. These mounds were between 15 and 30 feet high, stacked on the down-current side of each platform leg and well conductor pipe. In the nooks and crannies of these shell drifts baby fish found a wide variety of things to eat. We saw starfishes battling, raising their arms and pushing each other. (This happens in such slow motion that a diver would probably run out of air before he actually

saw a starfish manage a good push.) Sea cucumbers inched around the bottom in the rubble. And then there were the ever-present crabs. By day, one can see quite a few on the pilings. But at night! We were astounded to see so many of them, out in force on every available piling, busily feeding, stuffing bits of food into their whirring little mouths.

How do all these animals get to the platform in the first place? The prevailing theory, offered by Shane Anderson, is that these sessile life forms (non-travelling, anchored animals) drift to the platforms in the larval state. Upon arrival, they attach themselves to the structure and commence their adult lives. "Certainly," says Shane, "they couldn't crawl across the bottom and up the pilings." All these larval animals would continue drifting in the passing currents until they reached something solid, but most die or are eaten by predatory plankton feeders first.

It has been observed that anything solid placed in the ocean will attract marine life to itself, and that pelagic fishes congregate around such havens. This discovery was made just after World War II, when divers returned to wrecked airplanes and ships and found them covered with sea life.

Microscopic algae immediately begins to grow on any foreign object in the sea. The sessile organisms—anemones, hydroids, corals, barnacles, mussels, crabs, starfish, urchins and other forms—come closely behind, drifting to the site as larvae. Small fishes come right away because of the available food supply, but primarily they are attracted because the foreign object—now acting as a reef—offers them protection, cracks and crevices in which they can hide from the bigger predators. Even the larger fish that normally stay in the open ocean will circle such a reef in the outer waters, zooming in to eat.

One day Bob and I were diving under platform Hilda when suddenly a big, plate-like silver fish cruised into the platform community from the outer gloom. It was an ocean sunfish, called generically *Mola mola*. ("Mola" is Latin for the circular milling stone which the fish resembles.) It is rare for a diver to see one, since they are not exactly trusting, casual fish. They usually stay in open ocean. I inched closer and closer and extended a hand toward the fish. Soon I was stroking its silver side, which it almost seemed to enjoy. These fish are plagued by parasites, and one reason they come into the

(Part III continued on page 49)

(Top) Though the open channel is a desert, there is an oasis beneath each oil platform.

(Middle) Three views of an artificial reef, including a metridium anemone (center).

(Bottom) A gooseneck barnacle (left) enjoys a symbiotic relationship with an attached owl limpet, which by cleaning its host gains a meal.

Releasing semen into the water, a California mussel (center) perpetuates its kind.

Author Hillary Hauser (right) pets a female cabezon which is nesting in the platform community.



(Part I continued from page 41)

major accidents involving Union in its Santa Maria field operations concerned "Old Maud," one of the most notorious oil wells of all time, and the world's largest producer.

A Union drilling crew which included Jack Reed, later to become Union's drilling superintendent, was dispatched to a lease near the future town of Orcutt (named for Union's famous geologist) to spud in a well designated as Hartnell No. 1. On the way to the assigned drilling site picked out by the engineers, the big engine boiler rolled off the wagon at a place some distance from the designated site for the engine house. The day was unbearably hot, reloading the boiler was a monumental task, so superintendent Frank Hill said, "The hell with it—we'll set up the derrick right here." The well, soon to be nicknamed Old Maud, was spudded in on June 22, 1904. The drilling progressed all summer without incident. Then, on December 2, Old Maud's bowels started grumbling. With a cataclysmic roar, a geyser of black oil and gas crashed through the rig floor, passed the crown block, to a height of 150 feet.

Black gold began flowing down adjacent gulches and dry creek beds. Lacking the giant earth-moving equipment of today, labor crews marshaled horse-drawn Fresno scrapers and road graders to throw earthen dikes across arroyos to entrap the precious fluid. Oil experts drawn to the scene took weir box estimates and announced that Old Maud was spewing out 12,000 barrels of crude per day. No tanks or pipelines were available to save this waste. Lakes of black crude oil began forming miles from the derrick site.

Old Maud blew out of control for three incredible months. Before the field pressure subsided, oil spouted from every gopher hole in the vicinity. How many millions of cubic feet of gas escaped into the atmosphere was never calculated. In her first hundred days, Old Maud squirted a million barrels of oil. She flowed more than two years, yielding another two million barrels, before she was finally put on the pump. She was still producing 250 barrels per day at the time of World War II, forty years after she blew out, and went into the 1960s listed on Union's books as a profitable producer.

A well drilled at the site originally intended for Old Maud turned out to be a duster. The overturned boiler wagon was indeed a "million-dollar mistake." Although in those profligate years little attention was paid to the conservation of

natural resources, the industry criticized Union Oil for allowing Old Maud's blowout to happen, charging that proper blowout precautions had not been taken at the casinghead "Christmas tree." In the opinion of experts, the appalling waste could have been prevented even with the primitive technology then in effect.

Union Oil again came under fire in 1910 when Lake View No. 1, the greatest gusher the world had ever known, blew out of control for a year and a half, spewing more than nine million barrels of high-gravity crude, of which five million barrels were salvaged.

The Mesa, now a residential district in Santa Barbara, was the scene of a short-lived oil boom starting in 1927, staking the horizon in the vicinity of Shoreline Park with derricks. But the oil was of poor quality and the reservoir was quickly exhausted.

The most fantastic episode in Santa Barbara County's oil annals involved "Kate Bell's Cactus Patch" and the Ellwood Oil Field 17 miles west of the city. The coastal plain running from Fairview Avenue in Goleta westerly to Las Varas Canyon near El Capitan was Rancho Los Dos Pueblos, granted by the King of Spain to Santa Barbara Mission in 1782, and by Mexican governor Juan Alvarado to Nicolas A. Den in 1842. When Den died in 1862 his ranch was divided among his widow and children. The portion known as Las Armas Ranch, on the waterfront south of Winchester and Ellwood Canyons, was deeded to Den's eldest child, Katherine. She became the dowager queen of Santa Barbara's *haut monde*, and had been one of geologist Gus Cooper's most ardent supporters, since it was on her beach frontage that he had discovered the anticline which he regarded as a sign of oil below.

It was Mrs. Bell's wont to stage annual picnics for her clan on her private beach. The last such reunion, held in 1920, was memorable in that Mrs. Bell pointed to a clump of prickly pear cactus growing nearby and said, "If you drill an oil well there you will all become millionaires. Mr. Cooper told me so, years ago."

Shortly after Mrs. Bell's death six years later, a brilliant young consulting geologist named Frank Morgan, working for a small wildcat outfit called Rio Grande Oil, recommended drilling a test well near Kate's cactus patch. Rio Grande took into partnership another small outfit, Barnsdall Oil, which was just pulling its rig out of a dry hole nearby. Barnsdall

agreed to gamble on a test well to a depth of 3000 feet, but no deeper.

The well, known as Luton-Bell No. 1, was drilled to 3150 feet with no favorable indications. Barnsdall's tool pusher, one Friday afternoon, told Morgan he was pulling out, but would rent the rig to Rio Grande for \$100 a day, if desired. Morgan, inspecting the last coring taken from the well, detected the odor of sweet, pure oil. In Morgan's expert opinion, this meant they were on the verge of a strike. Knowing that Barnsdall's crew were unaware that a bonanza was near, Morgan hurried to Los Angeles to advise Rio Grande to terminate their partnership with Barnsdall immediately and continue drilling on their own.

The office was closed for the weekend, so Morgan decided to wait until Monday to dissolve the partnership. It was the worst mistake he ever made. At that moment up at Ellwood, the superintendent told his crew to keep drilling until quitting time at 5 p.m. They did, and at 3168 feet their bit dropped into super-rich oil sand and Luton-Bell No. 1, under control, blew in at the rate of 2400 barrels a day.

The Barnsdall-Rio Grande partnership was now indissoluble.

Taxes from the discovery well alone amounted to \$1,500,000 in the first year, enough to finance the building of Santa Barbara County's fabulous "Moorish castle in Spain" courthouse. Before the well was shut down in the 1950s it had produced more than 1,000,000 barrels. The Ellwood Field, still producing nearly 50 years later, long ago passed the hundred million barrel mark, ranking it as one of California's richest oil strikes.

Kate Bell's son-in-law, noting that oil trucks were threatening to destroy her famous cactus patch on the beach, had it enclosed with a welded pipe fence. During the 1930s, when huge Japanese tank ships took on oil at Ellwood, Kate Bell's Cactus Patch figured in a bizarre episode which made a footnote in California history books.

The skipper of one Japanese tanker, Captain Kozo Nishino, was taking a stroll on the beach in the summer of 1939 when he caught sight of Kate Bell's cactus behind the iron fence, and climbed over the barrier to inspect the strange plants, hoping to get a cutting to take home to Japan. In so doing, the pompous little officer fell into the thorns, not only losing the seat of his pants, but far worse for an Oriental, losing face.

Charles Jones, president of Rio Grande

Oil at the time (he later became president of the mighty Richfield Oil Company, now Arco) saw Nishino take his embarrassing tumble. He could not be sure what the Japanese captain shouted at the American oil workers who were laughing at his discomfiture from a nearby oil derrick, but in view of what happened later, it could have been "You'll be sorry for this!"

The next time Kozo Nishino saw the Ellwood oil installations was through the periscope of a 300-foot-long Japanese submarine, the I-17, which he commanded. On the evening of February 23, 1942, over two months after Pearl Harbor, the I-17 surfaced off Ellwood and for the next forty minutes lobbed some 25 high-explosive shells ashore, the first time since the War of 1812 that American soil had been bombarded in anger. Escaping into the darkness, the I-17 left no military damage behind. Charles Jones went to his grave believing that Kozo Nishino had chosen Ellwood as the target of Japan's first submarine attack because he wanted to blast Kate Bell's cactus patch out of existence, which he failed to do. (Note to history buffs: Don't look for Kate's cactus; it was buried under an earthfill to create the Sandpiper Golf Course's eleventh green.)

Kozo Nishino and the I-17 were destroyed with all hands aboard in a naval engagement off New Caledonia in August of 1943. After the war, the Japanese Navy emphatically denied that Nishino had ever visited Ellwood in an oil tanker, a denial which Richfield's Charles Jones, an eyewitness to the cactus patch mishap, dismissed as a Japanese effort at face-saving.

The early history of the oil industry, in Santa Barbara County as elsewhere, all too often involved man's rape of natural resources without regard for any detrimental impact on the world we live in. But the upcoming generation, through necessity, has become increasingly aware of the fact that natural resources, especially fossil fuels, are not inexhaustible. In man's increasingly frantic scramble for locating new oil reserves, the industry has too often tried to revert to the methods of the old days by ignoring such factors as air pollution, scarring the landscape or upsetting the delicate balance of submarine life. The old era of contemptuous disregard for environmental factors is ending. Preserving the ecological chain while searching for new energy sources has become the necessity of the future. □

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future." That was what Santa Barbarans had said before the channel was turned over to the drillers.

Sixteen days later, on Easter Sunday, several hundred citizens marched on Stearns Wharf, the supply transfer point which was the downtown symbol of offshore oil. They demanded that the city throw the oil industry off the public pier. To turn an already impressive demonstration into high drama, two big oil supply trucks rolled onto the wharf and were confronted by the crowd. Without rehearsal, instruction or a second thought, middle-class Santa Barbara sat down in front of the trucks; a dozen at first, then about 40. The hundreds of others cheered. After a 45 minute standoff, the trucks backed down. They returned after the crowd left, but the community had dramatized its protest.

The struggle continued throughout the year with rallies, lawsuits, petitions, legislation, politics—every means for which there was time, money and people. "Get Oil Out" (GOO) was the leading volunteer group, and the county counsel's office was the most active public agency.

When the Sun Oil Company got a federal permit for Platform Hillhouse in November, a new wrinkle was devised: a fish-in. Anglers can fish where they want in the channel, and if they just happened to choose the platform site when the monster arrived on a barge, what authority could move them? As it turned out, the "fishermen" were far enough off the mark to permit the barge with the huge tower to anchor without interference. But the dramatic action was enough to get the attention of much of the world, particularly with Lois Sidenberg "fishing" from a hovering helicopter, using a lawn sprinkler for a sinker on the end of a rope.

Mrs. Sidenberg, a militant leader of GOO for years, was quoted as saying that "someone should blow up the platforms." Asked later if she really said that, she replied, "No. I was misquoted. I said that someone should blow up the god-damn platforms."

But while the barge and platform still rolled in the swells, Marvin Levine, deputy county counsel, and A. L. Wirin, an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer, were in Washington pleading with the Supreme Court to hold up the launching. Racing with time, Wirin scribbled legal documents in a hotel banquet hall that had just been abandoned in disarray by revelers, while Levine rushed the hand-

written papers upstairs to an alcoholic public stenographer who required considerable priming to keep her typing through the night.

But it was a fruitless pilgrimage. Sun Oil slipped the platform off the barge in 200 feet of water. But when the spray had settled, big Hillhouse was upside down! Instead of the base for the working decks emerging from the water, there were eight legs that were supposed to be resting on the bottom. The mishap was more embarrassing than technically disastrous, and the steel cage was eventually up-righted.

Between 1969 and 1976 the protests were penetrating enough to keep any other platforms from the channel. In fact, during those seven years one was floated out. But the government was feeling as much pressure from the oil industry as from Santa Barbarans. Union and Sun wanted to put in two platforms in 1971, but GOO, with friends in high political places, reminded Nixon that California is a big state that doesn't like the big steel monsters, and that 1972 was a presidential election year. On September 20, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton denied the platforms, explaining to the *News-Press* that he had personally made the decision. A few days later President Nixon took full credit in an interview with Paul Vebler, the *News-Press'* executive editor. GOO's political warning to the President appeared to have created a scramble for the title of "good guy."

The holding action was firm until mid-1976, when Exxon set up the world's tallest platform in 850 feet of water five and a half miles offshore in the western end of the channel.

Then in 1977 Union finally got approval for Platform C to join A and B in a row off Summerland and Carpinteria. These are expected to be the beginning of a new generation of marine fabrications, which their enemies call navigational hazards but which their friends say are really aids to navigation. They do light the way at night—but they can pop up frighteningly in a fog.

The state guesses that the oil developers' plans could mean up to 200,000 barrels a day just from existing channel leases, compared with about 40,000 barrels a day at present. New leasing, if it comes, would boost production much higher. It is ironic that now, when the more environmentally friendly Brown and Carter are in office, there may be more oil activity. But the day could not

(Part II continued on page 48)



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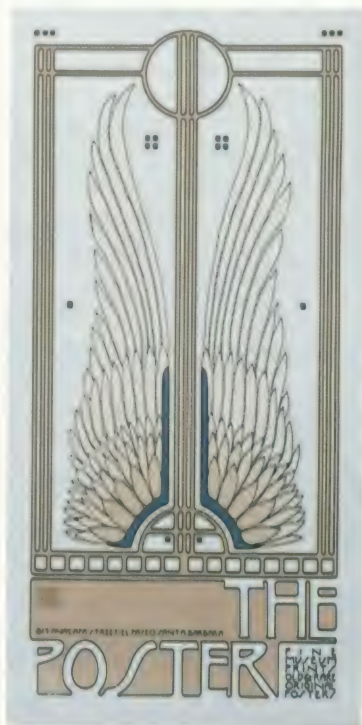
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have been postponed forever. The courts have said that governments can delay and limit oil production on the leases, but they cannot freeze them permanently. The new drilling, however, would be under new rules that speak bluntly about air, water and other kinds of pollution, including visual.

Even so, how much more oil industrialization can the channel and its shores take without changing Santa Barbara to Oil Town? Veblen feels that a little more oil can be tolerated without degrading the community. "The problem," he said, "is knowing when you've reached the limit."

"There is no more room for development" said George Clyde, a former county supervisor who fought the oilmen in the late 1960s and early 1970s. "Each new platform is another hazard."

Many insist that big oil's first concern is making money and that it will take only the environmental steps required by law, if those. "If the emotional environmentalists would stop and think what they're saying, they'd see how ridiculous it is," says D. I. Bolding, public relations manager for Exxon. "We can't risk more spills. We can't afford the cleanup costs. We carry precautions beyond what is required. Clean Seas is an example of that."

Clean Seas, Inc., is the oil industry cooperative assigned and designed to spring into action when oil is spilled. Despite its enormous containment and cleanup arsenal, many scoffers say it would be almost helpless if the channel was hit with anything like the 1969 disaster.

Time and the energy crisis have taken some toll of anti-oil sentiment in Santa Barbara, but ballot measures still show that oil isn't welcome. The South Coast vote made that clear in the 1975 referendum on Exxon's processing plant, but the north county pro-oil vote carried the day for Exxon.

Pregnant with petroleum, Santa Barbara has endured a shotgun marriage with oil developers, most of whom live away from home—Ventura, Bakersfield, Los Angeles. But Atlantic Richfield Company (Arco) sees hope for better domestic relations. It recently got approval, with 32 strict conditions, for a big increase in production offshore and an expanded oil and gas processing plant onshore at Ellwood. It took years, but the county and Arco came up with a program that (hopefully) will produce and process more petroleum with less smog and

smell. Improved technology is expected to deliver this promise.

"We feel good about it," says Jack Hundley, Arco's offshore operations boss. "It gave the company more oil and the county less pollution. It provided guidelines that were acceptable to the Coastal Commission and could be a precedent for future agreements." Even the environmentalists told the Coastal Commission they were gratified.

Faced with a new offshore oil spurt, if not a boom, the city and county are trying to prevent a traffic jam of tankers in the channel. About 6000 oil tankers a year are now loading, unloading, mooring, departing or just passing through. Ten thousand annually are likely in the 1980s. Tankers with Alaska's North Slope oil are now churning through the channel, and that traffic could amount to a million barrels a day by early next year.

At this writing it appears that there could be a liquefied natural gas port in the channel before long, with 425 to 565 LNG tankers moving in and out every year. This increases the oil spill potential. And it introduces the possibility of frying or freezing in an LNG accident, since six hundred times more natural gas can be squeezed into a tanker if the gas is cooled to -260 degrees Fahrenheit and liquefied. "Thermos bottle" tankers carry it to regassification plants where it is returned to its natural state. In between, it can leak in loading, shipping or unloading. No one knows exactly what would happen then because there has never been a big LNG accident, except the 1944 Cleveland disaster which occurred under different circumstances. It is generally accepted that LNG won't explode, but it can burn so fast you can't tell the difference.

Nichols Hazelwood, vice president of the firm that wrote the \$800 million environmental impact study for a proposed Oxnard LNG plant, has said that he wouldn't live within two miles of the place. The gas industry says that it has a perfect record of LNG transportation safety, but opponents say that the history of this industry is too brief to tell us much.

To hold down the tanker traffic, two plans have been advanced. First, the city and county asked the Coast Guard to order the North Slope oilers to go outside the channel. The Coast Guard, however, says the traffic isn't that heavy. Congressman Bob Lagomarsino is pushing a bill that would require such shipping to stay out of the channel.

The second tactic is to convince the oil companies to build a pipeline to carry the oil to refineries, instead of floating it out on unwieldy tankers. Al Reynolds, the county's environmental coordinator, has put together a team of bureaucrats from all levels of government to work out such a scheme with the oilmen. He has produced an amazing amount of cooperation for an extremely complex project, and Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus was impressed with the work of the task force when he conferred with it here last June. This is important, because the project needs Interior Department support, particularly because of the reluctance of Exxon, potentially the biggest producer in the channel, to cooperate. Exxon gave up its hard-won plan to build an onshore processing plant because it wouldn't accept conditions imposed by the state Coastal Commission. Instead, it planned to process, store and transship its crude oil from a converted tanker floating in federal waters out of the state's control. Exxon is needed in the onshore pipeline proposal, but it can't tie into such a line from an offshore processing plant. Only the federal government could force it ashore.

As pressing as the oil tanker spill problem is, it is overshadowed by an even greater tanker trauma. We know now that tanker loading creates horrendous air pollution. When the ships take on crude oil, fumes from the last cargo are pushed into the air. Tanker loading right now pumps 277 tons of hydrocarbon vapors yearly into the air along the channel coast, the experts say, and much of it is wafted to land by onshore breezes. Santa Barbara and Ventura County officials say that all the gains they have made—and could make—in curbing onshore sources of air pollution will be wiped out by any increased tanker loading. If channel oil production escalates to 200,000 barrels a day as the state says is possible, the hydrocarbon poison output from tanker loading alone would be between 1000 to 1500 tons per year.

"You could have three days without a tanker in port," says John Land of the county's Air Pollution Control District, "then all at once you could get a dose of two and a half tons of hydrocarbons in seven and a half hours from one tanker. And more than ninety percent are reactive, meaning they turn to photochemical smog when the sun gets at them."

On a day like that, we might have to drive to downtown Los Angeles for a breath of fresh air. □

(Part III continued from page 45)

platform community is to be "cleaned." Other, smaller fishes—notably the blacksmith (*Chromis punctipinnis*)—gather around the big mola mola and pick away its parasites. This cleaning service is a great example of symbiosis in the sea: the smaller fishes gain a meal and the bigger fish is rid of the little devils that cause serious skin problems if left unattended. The oil platforms in the Santa Barbara channel have attracted so many fish that sportfishing boats from the harbor visit them regularly. While oil companies discourage, even prohibit, pleasure diving beneath the platforms because of obvious liability, underwater scientific expeditions have been conducted around the structures, and in each case the evaluation is the same: Things are hopping down there. For example, when Hilda was installed in 1959, a Department of Fish and Game study was inaugurated to monitor consequent subsea changes. Within the first month the hydrozoans (tiny coelenterates) had begun to grow. In the second month, schools of sardines, mackerel and bonito had moved in. At the same time, scallops, barnacles and mussels had sprouted and were competing for space on the pilings. Nudibranchs by the thousands were depositing their eggs on the understructure. Hilda eventually became so cluttered with different life forms that the oil companies have had to clean the platform legs and well conductor pipes every two years to reduce the force of ocean currents on the structure.

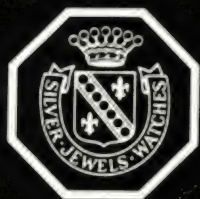
What is the effect of drilling and oil production on the animal residents? Do the tissues of organisms near and far from the structures contain any chemical pollutants or hydrocarbons? A study by the Institute of Marine Resources, UCLA Jolla, took into consideration three species: the brown rockfish, the whitebelly rockfish and the yellow rock crab. Up to six specimens of each species were collected at each platform and analyzed for eleven metals at the UCLA laboratory of George Alexander, using an elaborate optical technique. The results indicated no uptake of the metals in the specimens, regardless of the collection site. Another study was conducted at Battelle Columbus Labs in Ohio, using gas chromatography. At the labs, Dr. Scott Warner analyzed the tissues of California mussels (*Mytilus californianus*) taken from the platforms for petroleum hydrocarbons. (Mussels are noted accumulators of contaminants, since they are filter feeders.)

(Part III continued on page 50)

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Dr. Warner found that the platform mussels showed no evidence of petroleum hydrocarbons, and concluded that it was unlikely that rockfish taken from the same site would contain significant amounts.

These are only a few examples of such studies. There are others, all with conflicting views. A report which was given at the fifth International Oil Spill Conference in New Orleans in March, said that experiments had shown that lobster, shrimp and crab are endangered by oil, even when the spill is as small as one part per million in water. A study by the National Marine Fisheries Service following the spill of 7.6 million gallons of heating oil in the Georges Bank area off Rhode Island this year said that the incident "did not cause an ecological disaster." However, the report indicated widespread evidence of plankton contamination. Since plankton is the source of most animal and plant life in the sea, the whole thing would seem to be ecologically awful.

Dr. Dale Straughan, a USC biologist who has studied the oil pollution problem, has said more than once that most marine organisms off Southern California are not "significantly" affected by constant doses of oil, "at least up to a certain level." Her studies have been funded by the American Petroleum Institute and to many people this affiliation seems to take the punch out of Dr. Straughan's words.

Today, the Santa Barbara channel is a huge natural laboratory, with at least ten research projects under way testing the air, tracing currents, investigating the bottom, watching the animals. Most studies are done with future oil development in mind. Both scientists and the oil industry want a before-and-after assessment of sea conditions so that damage, if any, can be measured. The Environmental Protection Agency has announced that oil spill detection systems will be launched in satellites by 1978, to spot pollution trails as small as those left by ships pumping bilge. Meanwhile, the oil companies that have platforms operating in the channel have oil spill response plans already drawn up. June Lindstedt-Siva, a biologist with Atlantic Richfield (Arco), issued a report in March at the New Orleans oil spill conference which indicated that environmental damage caused by oil spills can be minimized if biologically sensitive areas in the channel are identified—areas such as marine mammal hab-



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itats, wetlands and special inter- and sub-tidal habitats. Strategies to protect such areas can then be developed. Clean Seas, Inc., an organization funded by the consortium of oil companies in the channel, has been testing a variety of methods to contain oil spills.

Pro or con, *no one* wants a spill, and on this the oil companies couldn't agree more. The area advisors and executives I've talked with feel that the giant lesson learned since the 1969 spill is mainly technological. Controls, technological advancements and preventives have been employed such that today the chances of an oil spill from one of the offshore platforms in the channel is certainly less than at the time of the Santa Barbara spill eight years ago. It seems obvious that the oil companies could not stand one more mess in the area.

Many oil companies that have platforms in the channel feel confident enough of their clean-water capabilities to launch aquaculture projects. Beneath some of the platforms out there hundreds of abalone are being raised, some from the very minute *veliger* stage. Marine scientists have long been clamoring for aquaculture—farming the sea—rather than continued harvesting and depletion of wild animals, and the participating oil companies see their structures as a way to help.

In the future, submerged platforms serviced by divers in underwater chambers may be commonplace.

Of course this underwater operation would not eliminate the inherent problems and/or dangers of oil production at sea, but would only get those giant erector sets out of sight for the benefit of people onshore. There are a lot of Santa Barbarans I know who would just as soon see all offshore platforms fall into the Marianas Trench and disappear forever. However, there are others who think that any finger pointing should be directed not at the oil companies but at consumer demand. I have a friend, a noted marine biologist, who is very outspoken on the subject of oil pollution. In fact, she is spearheading the World Wildlife Fund drive to keep the supertanker port out of Palau. She recently said to me: "The oil companies aren't wrong. It's the gobbling up of oil that's wrong."

Above water, the flak flies. Below, life isn't so complicated. There is a lone mola mola out there whose only care in the world is that its itch get scratched. □



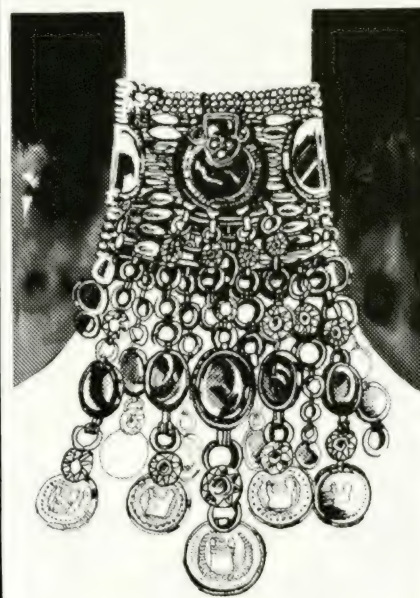
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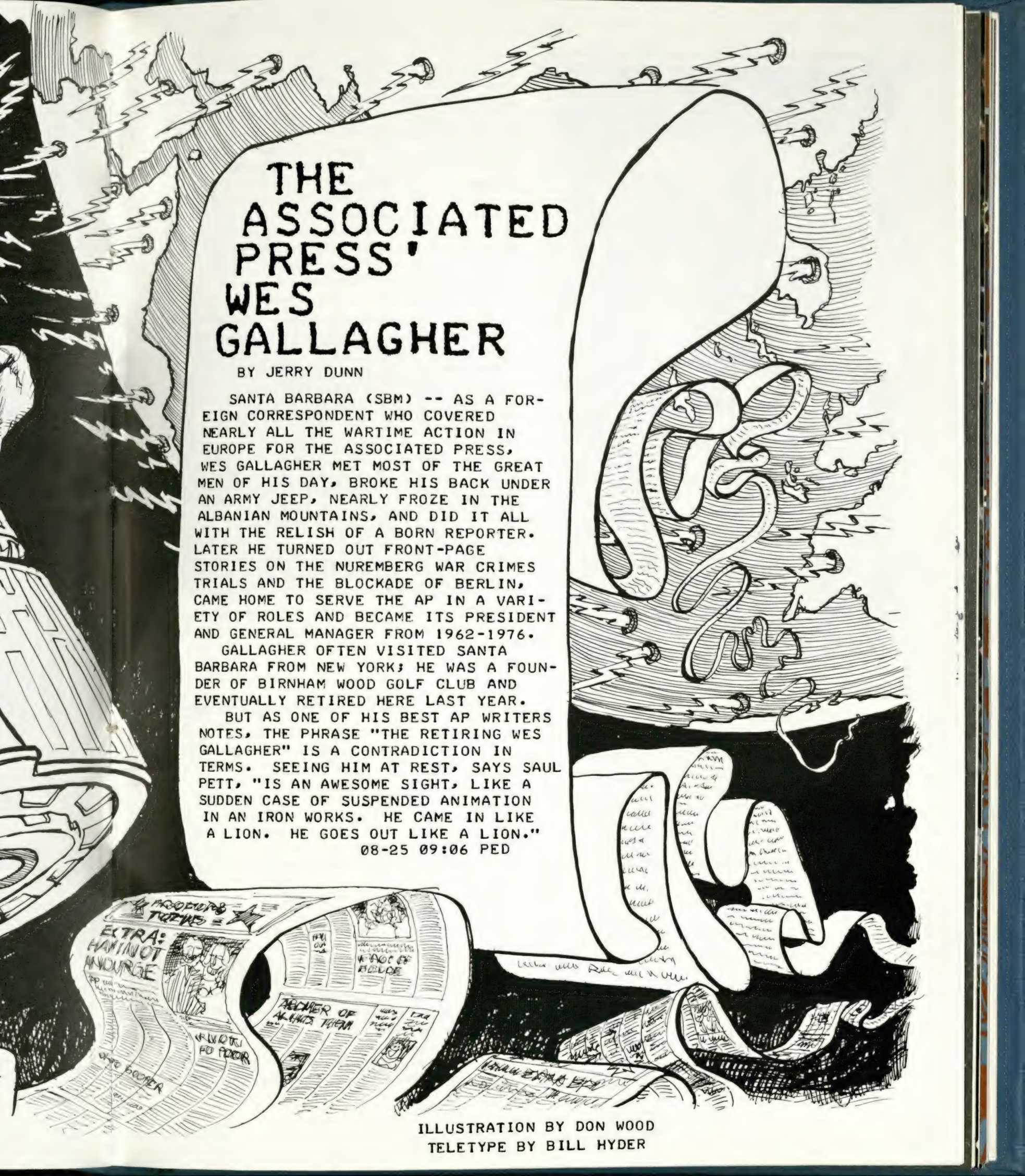
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THE ASSOCIATED PRESS' WES GALLAGHER

BY JERRY DUNN

SANTA BARBARA (SBM) -- AS A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT WHO COVERED NEARLY ALL THE WARTIME ACTION IN EUROPE FOR THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, WES GALLAGHER MET MOST OF THE GREAT MEN OF HIS DAY, BROKE HIS BACK UNDER AN ARMY JEEP, NEARLY FROZE IN THE ALBANIAN MOUNTAINS, AND DID IT ALL WITH THE RELISH OF A BORN REPORTER. LATER HE TURNED OUT FRONT-PAGE STORIES ON THE NUREMBERG WAR CRIMES TRIALS AND THE BLOCKADE OF BERLIN, CAME HOME TO SERVE THE AP IN A VARIETY OF ROLES AND BECAME ITS PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER FROM 1962-1976.

GALLAGHER OFTEN VISITED SANTA BARBARA FROM NEW YORK; HE WAS A FOUNDER OF BIRNHAM WOOD GOLF CLUB AND EVENTUALLY RETIRED HERE LAST YEAR.

BUT AS ONE OF HIS BEST AP WRITERS NOTES, THE PHRASE "THE RETIRING WES GALLAGHER" IS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS. SEEING HIM AT REST, SAYS SAUL PETT, "IS AN AWESOME SIGHT, LIKE A SUDDEN CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION IN AN IRON WORKS. HE CAME IN LIKE A LION. HE GOES OUT LIKE A LION."

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flanks of the outcropping, chatting quietly between welcome sips of hot chocolate. Gone were city lights and noises; we were several mountain ranges back from the Southern California coast.

But perhaps we were not alone. Ancient Chumash Indians once made pilgrimages here to paint wondrous images on rocky cave walls. These pictographs outlived their creators, to pose questions possibly unanswerable in our time. Most of the paintings are symbolic and can be interpreted many ways, but there was a naturalistic depiction of a condor in a cave beneath the ridge. Painted with white pigments that had dulled with age, the bird seemed to be taking off. Individual feathers on outstretched wings and three talons on each foot were visible, while its head, painted in red ochre, strained toward the sky. The condor, a bird sacred to the Indians, is rarely seen now.

Across from this unique figure was a hole in the cave's thin eastern wall. Slightly more than two inches in diameter, it seemed to have been deliberately worked through the sandstone. Its rim had been smoothed by years of weather; no modern tool had created it.

But why had the hole been made? It could not have been an observation port, for it commanded only a view of another large sandstone outcropping to the east. And near the hole, inside the cave, many strange, intricate figures were painted, perhaps symbolic of some past deity or myth.

A theory explaining the function of the hole had been advanced by our guide. He suggested that it had been pecked through the rock in such a position that sunlight could penetrate it only during winter solstice, the shortest day of the year, when the sun has traveled south as far as it will in relation to earth's equator. If this theory were true, it would indicate that the Chumash had used the cave as an observatory to monitor sun movements.

To test his idea, our guide had visited the cave frequently over several seasons. The rising sun did not shine through the opening during summer solstice, for it was always too far north; the sandstone formations blocked its rays. He had been unable to visit the cave in winter because the back country was choked with plant life and sodden with rain. Most roads and trails were washed out and the air was bone-chilling, particularly at night. Often the ridges were capped with snow.

But a few years ago fire devastated the

plant life of this region. The nearly impenetrable chaparral disappeared and its recovery has been sluggish. A near-drought dried the land in 1975, and the next year our guide travelled far inland unhampered by snarls of brush or wet, slippery ground.

On December 21, 1976—winter solstice—he again visited the cave and anxiously awaited dawn. When the sun rose, it shone over the top of a nearby boulder and passed directly through the opening. Our guide was elated. He hiked back to the road and drove to Santa Barbara, where he telephoned Dr. Travis Hudson, Curator of Anthropology at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. Dr. Hudson, an expert on many aspects of Chumash culture, was thrilled, as he was aware of facts which corroborated our guide's theory.

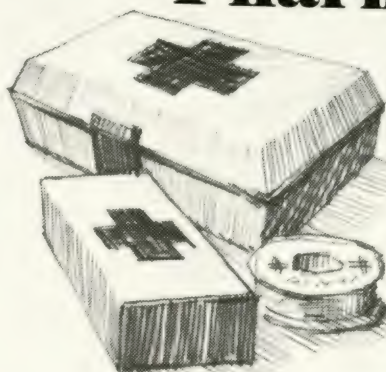
The Indians in mountainous areas of nearby Ventura, he recalled, observed the rising sun from a fixed point, using key ridges to gauge its southerly progress and to determine the advent of winter solstice. When the sun reached a certain point they knew it would go no farther, returning instead to a northerly course.

Winter solstice was a time of important ritual for the Chumash. Knowing when it occurred, the Indians performed a ceremony which would make the sun return for another year, bringing spring, a life-giving season of harvest, followed by the long, warm days of summer.

At midday of winter solstice, a special delegation of Indians planted a magic stick in the ground, reciting incantations in a secret language known only to a select few. Once the stick was placed, 12 Indians dressed as rays of the sun threw downy feathers upon the ground. The feathers represented rain, which would rejuvenate the earth and bring a bountiful spring harvest. By placing the magic stick in the ground and striking it to the cadence of a special prayer, the Indians believed that they could influence the sun's movement and bring it back northward. Influencing the universe was powerful medicine; hence the winter solstice ceremony was vital to the Indians.

Dr. Hudson also told our guide that a certain Indian was known to have disappeared into the hills shortly before Christmas each year, ostensibly to make rock paintings. Why did he always go at this time? Could this have had anything to do with the winter solstice ritual? And where did the Indian go to make his paintings? (Continued on page 22)

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The winter solstice ceremony was founded upon the belief that the universe was filled with vast supernatural power, some of which could be acquired and used by various beings who resided within it. These powers were present in all living things (plants, animals, men), in most celestial objects (sun, moon, planets, stars), in some inanimate objects (mountain tops, springs), and in some natural phenomena (wind). For the Chumash the universe was thus a complex interacting system in which numerous beings exercised their supernatural powers, affecting everything that could be seen, touched, tasted, smelled, felt or imagined.

The Chumash held these supernaturals to have many of the same characteristics as man himself: rational thought and behavior, intelligence, emotions, knowledge, and the potential for unpredictable behavior. Some beings were considered indifferent toward man, while others were benevolent; most, however, were malevolent, particularly the more powerful ones. All events and phenomena were considered the results of these beings interacting with one another and man. "Fortune" or "chance" never operated in the Chumash world.

Of the countless numbers of such beings there were six who formed a sort of pantheon: Earth, Sun, Moon, Morning Star, Evening Star, and Polaris.

Earth, called *Chup* in everyday speech but *Hutash* in ritual addresses, was considered a mother goddess, for she gave life and food to man and all creatures. The five remaining deities resided in the heavens. Sun, *Ishana*, ritually known as *Kakunupmawa*, "the being who is reborn at the time of the winter solstice," was very important, for he gave light and warmth and revitalized *Chup*. But he was also considered a bringer of death. Moon was a feminine being, called *Alahtin*. Her powers affected all living things, causing the sea to move, controlling the cycles of women and all earthly creatures, and serving as a cleansing agent of all that was considered "dirty." Morning Star, *Alnahyit i akiwi*, was probably identified with Two Thunders, the beings responsible for creating thunder, lightning and rain. Evening Star was called *Sma'aiyi i akiwi*, but in ritual terms was no doubt the great eagle of the sky, *Slow*, associated with knowledge of the future as well as with death. Last, there was Polaris, *Minimol*, who symbolized in rituals a great celestial coyote called *Shnilemun*, the

"creator of man." Of the five, Polaris was the most benevolent, watching over the welfare of all below, attempting to eliminate death and provide food.

The Chumash believed that each night throughout the year the five celestial members of the pantheon gathered in the sky to play a gambling game. Sun and Evening Star, basically malevolent beings, made up one team, while their opponents were the benevolent Polaris and Morning Star. Moon acted as referee. Every year, on the eve of the winter solstice, these participants counted the scores to see who had won the most games. If Polaris' team was victorious, the coming year would be a rainy one with an abundance of food (acorns, deer, seeds, fruits, ducks, geese, and so on), all of which would be distributed to mankind below. But if Sun's team won, the victors' spoils would be paid in human lives.

In such a cosmic scheme of things, it might be considered that man, helpless, was at the mercy of these powerful supernaturals. But such was not the case. The Chumash believed that special individuals, given the necessary ritual knowledge, cult paraphernalia, and contact with the supernaturals, could control enough occult power of their own to influence, and at times manipulate, the cosmos. Only a few men and women ever achieved such power, and they formed a highly prestigious cult called *antap*.

The cult was composed of twelve *antap*, eight assistants called *shan*, and a leader, called a *paha*. They served a province ruled by a chief and composed of several towns and villages. The Santa Barbara Province, for example, extended from Rincon westward to encompass the many towns which once surrounded Goleta Slough; the capital village for the province was at *Syuh tun*, Santa Barbara, where the cult had its headquarters.

Activities of the cult comprise what we might call shamanism or "parapsychological" behavior. Members held the ritual knowledge to control the weather, diverting storms and making rain begin or stop. They administered powerful hallucinogenic drugs to cure the sick, to cure the universe, or to make contact with supernatural beings or spirits. (Rock painting was evidently a part of this process of exercising supernatural power.) In addition, they were considered clairvoyant, foreseeing the future, locating lost objects or finding missing persons. They could also make magical flights with their

souls, traveling vast distances to contact spirit beings residing in other worlds. And last, they were astronomer-astrologers, watching the sky in order to regulate ritual activity in accordance with a solar-lunar calendar marked by the appearance of certain zodiacal beings in the forms of stars and constellations, and to cast individual "horoscopes" based upon the presence of these beings.

As an entity, the cult served the well-being of their entire province, undertaking important rituals connected with life and afterlife, as well as giving important "divine-like" advice to chiefs on legal, economic, social and political matters. They were intermediaries between man and gods.

The Rebirth Kakunupmawa

By Travis Hudson



Rebirth of the Sun, Kakunupmawa



ing time and space could be focused in order to maintain the necessary balance in the universe.

The participants were dressed to symbolically represent the five celestial beings in the pantheon: the *paha* represented both Sun and Evening Star, the *antap*, the sun's rays. Morning Star as Two Thunders was represented by two old men who joined the group. The celestial beings were further symbolized on a special cult object to be used by the *paha*—a sunstick. Polaris was represented by the stick itself, while the stone disc which capped it personified the sun. A moon symbol was depicted on the disc, while shell beads, stuck into black tar, denoted important zodiacal constellations used to mark the winter solstice.

The erection of this stick by the *paha* resulted in two very important consequences for the Chumash. First, the disc was struck with a special stone to the words of a sacred prayer; at this magic moment, when vast supernatural power was unleashed, the sun was "pulled" back again to a northward course in the sky. (If this failed, the Chumash could expect continued cold weather, increasing darkness, poor food supplies, and imminent death.) The second consequence immediately followed, for the *paha* then made a speech to the people concerning weather and food predictions for the coming year; by his clairvoyant powers, the *paha* had been able to learn the outcome of the celestial gambling game.

Condor Cave probably did not serve as an observatory, but rather as a place in which rituals were undertaken connected with the sun at the time of the winter solstice. We suspect that as the critical moment arrived, the *antap* withdrew to the cave to ritually capture the sun when the cosmic balance was especially delicate. Rock paintings, prayers and offerings to Sun probably accompanied the ritual to ensure balance and well-being to the entire universe.

For the brief hour that the sun was imprisoned within Condor Cave, the *paha* must have wielded immense power in front of his gathered people. Life itself rested upon these critical moments when man and god were one. The awesome ritual must also have cemented the community with the cult, for they were the special ones who could sustain life for all things.

One of the cult's most important functions was to ensure a balance in the universe, a most needed responsibility since the supernaturals were seen as constantly in flux, with ever-present overtones of peril or cataclysm for man. Each *antap* member, in accordance with the twelve months of the Chumash year, undertook ritual activities in this regard. Although their powers were not always effective, it was considered essential for the survival of the Chumash that these rites be performed properly.

The most critical time of year for these participants was the winter solstice, which marked the Chumash "New Year." At this time, when the sun had reached its farthest point south and ap-

peared to "hesitate," it was deemed vital that the cult encourage the sun to return northward again, for otherwise the universe would become unbalanced and disaster would follow. Also the time for the "rebirth of the sun, *Kakunupmawa*," was when the scores of the celestial gambling game were to be reckoned, which directly affected the coming year: life or death.

People from throughout the province gathered to witness the event, led by the *paha* and his twelve *antap* to a most sacred spot in the capital town. Here, the Chumash believed, near the very center of the cosmos, was where sacred time, space and spiritual beings met with secular time, space and human beings—a point in which supernatural powers transcend-

(Continued from page 19)

Fascinated by the cave's potential importance, Dr. Hudson quickly assembled a research expedition, each member an expert in a particular field, including archaeology, anthropology, astronomy, ornithology, botany and art.

The team met very early the next morning: December 22, 1976. We piled into two vehicles and by four o'clock had reached the end of the road. Everyone tumbled out, scrambled into warm clothing, and began the trek to the cave.

Although we carried flashlights, we would have lost our way quickly without our guide's uncanny back country acumen. He lead us unhesitatingly over several miles of rubbled track, sandstone-cobbled creeks, numerous forks and side trails, up a yucca-studded slope, to the cave—all in blackness. It was still dark when we doffed our packs and assembled on the outcrop to await dawn. With a resonant voice, our guide began to speak.

"I've been hiking in the back country for years," he said. "There's something special about this area; it's almost as if there are spirits alive here.

"A friend of mine once decided to camp in the cave. He spread out his sleeping

bag and then prepared for the night. When he was about to get into his bag, he noticed a large black widow spider making a nest where he had planned to sleep."

Silence greeted his words as we glanced around us, shivering from the pre-dawn chill. The ridge, with its great pock-marked face, seemed like a lunar landscape. A mysterious place indeed. It was easy to see why it could have been a special site in the ancients' world.

Ernest Underhay, astronomer at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, began to indicate stars, using the beam from his powerful flashlight as a pointer. As he swept the light across the heavens, calling off names and headings, it became obvious that our outcropping ran almost exactly east to west. We could also see that the hole in the cave wall would usually be blocked from direct sunlight by several sandstone formations.

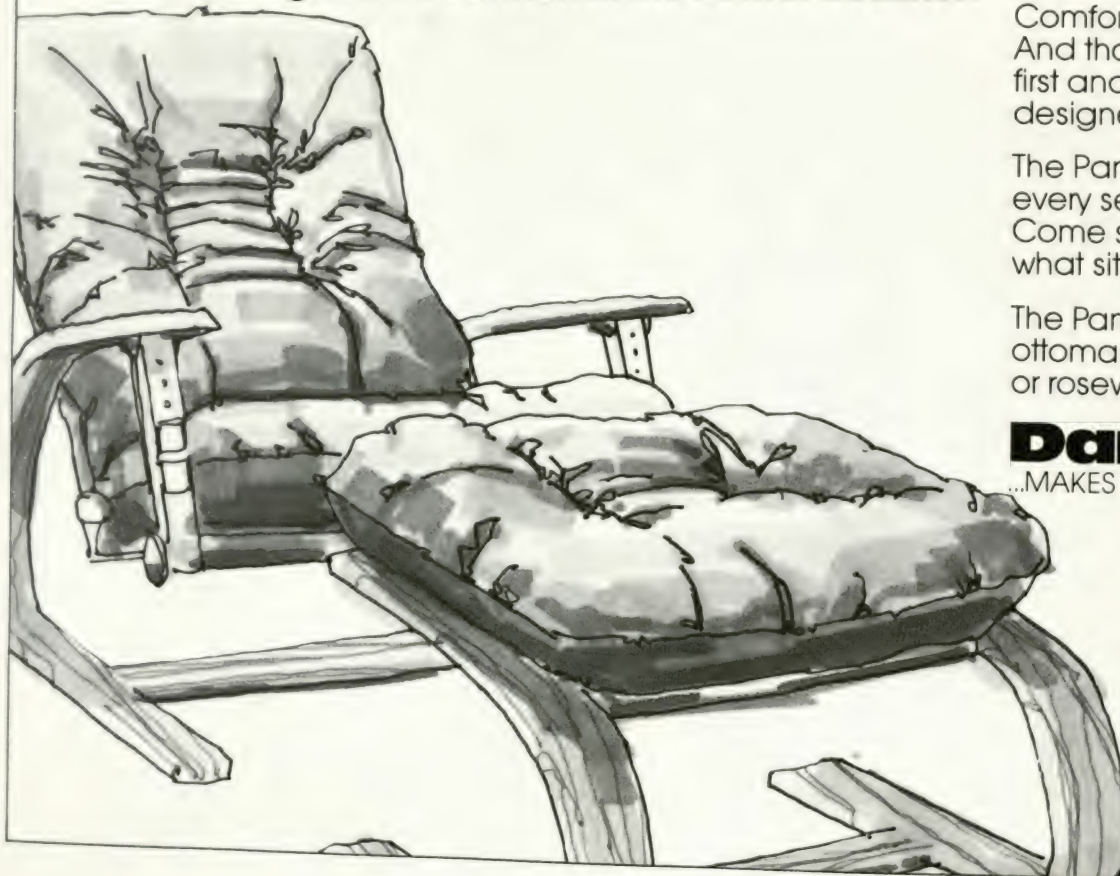
Soon the sky changed from black to dark blue. A few strands of cirrus turned pink, suffusing the ridge with light which as yet held little warmth. We clambered to the boulders above the cave to catch the first rays. Finally the sun peeped over the mountain, bathing the sand-

stone in a soft, earthen glow. Like half-frozen lizards we squatted on the rock, reveling in the long awaited light and welcoming its warmth.

How many times, in how many places, had people gathered to watch the rising sun on winter solstice? The Mayans in Mexico had observed it; so had the Tongans in the South Pacific; the Egyptians; the Druids of Stonehenge in England. Each left stone monuments which have outlasted the people who built them. These ancients were able to pinpoint the seasons by aligning stones to register the sun's movements. Through ritual they evoked the power of their gods to alter their physical surroundings, much like contemporary farmers pray for rain. The monoliths told them when to hold their ceremonies; the silent stones were powerful prophets. And in California we were observing a similar phenomenon: the rising sun shining through rock shaped by the hands of unknown people who had lived and died centuries before us.

As the sun moved higher, its light traveled slowly down the cave's east wall. Then, suddenly, it penetrated the hole, projecting a shaft of light through the cave and onto the floor beneath the picto-

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graphs. What did it mean, this meeting of sun, rock and ancient intention? We marked the spot with a pebble and set about exploring the cave.

Many paintings, in varying stages of deterioration, ornamented the walls. Wild, human-like figures, their limbs spread-eagled, were sprinkled about, together with geometric designs in black, red and white. Near the hole was a fantasia of faded forms, many of them difficult to discern. Two bear tracks had been pecked into the cave wall near the condor painting. There were also several bedrock mortars in the cave floor, rounded basins used mainly for grinding food.

What the entire scene represented remained a mystery, but one fact was clear: the opening in the cave wall could certainly have been an instrument for determining the advent of winter solstice.

Dr. Hudson pondered the evidence and made some astute deductions. In 1935, archaeologists had conducted a dig at the cave. They noted the hole but attached no significance to it. They did, however, unearth artifacts, bones and plant matter associated with hunting and food gathering, material indicating that the cave had been used as shelter while the Indians

harvested plants and animals abundant in late summer. The bedrock mortars further substantiated this concept.

Later, with the advent of the Spaniards, the Indians began succumbing to foreign diseases for which they had no cure. They turned to their only hope, their only solace: religion. Rituals and ceremonies were intensified. But since the Mission fathers would not acknowledge the pagan gods, the Indians worshipped secretly.

Certain places in the remote back country were used as shrines. Here they made pilgrimages to carry out rituals, to observe the planets and stars and to paint their extraordinary pictographs on rocky cave walls. This continued until the 1870s, when the last Chumash sun priest, who had named himself Rafael Solares ("sol" refers in both English and Spanish to the sun), performed the final winter solstice ceremony.

Dr. Hudson concluded that the cave we visited had probably been a magic place, where the rising of the omnipotent sun could be observed, where Santa Barbara's natives had left their paintings on living stone as they clung to a fading heritage. These people, who lived for thousands of years in harmony with their surround-

ings, have left us with a light into their past.

Ed. note: Dr. Travis Hudson and Ernest Underhay have completed a book on this subject entitled *Crystals in the Sky: An Odyssey Into Chumash Astronomy, Cosmology and Rock Art*. Illustrated by Campbell Grant, it will be released in the spring by Ballena Anthropological Papers.

Peter Howorth, 33, has been a commercial fisherman, a professional blues singer, and has written for Skindiver Magazine, Westways and Oceans. He is the author of Foraging Along the California Coast (Capra Press).

Dr. Travis Hudson is the Curator of Anthropology at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. With more than a passing resemblance to Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Hudson exhibits an uncanny ability to deduce essential facts about Chumash culture, based on his expert knowledge of the subject.

Elisabetta Bioletto, from Milan, Italy, is an artist with the ability to work in almost any medium, in any style. Her work here combines accurate Chumash motifs with her own imaginative sense of design and color.

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RUSSELL MYERS AND HIS CIRCLE

By Jerry Dunn

When I was ten and at camp the fad—that particular summer—was inhaling and exhaling fast twenty times, then holding your breath and tightening every muscle while a friend clamped his arms around your chest. If all went well, you passed out.

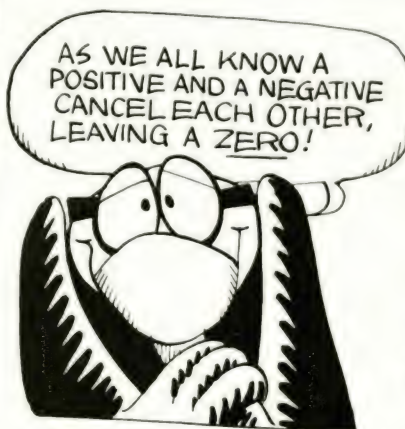
In my one-time-only trial of this harmless (?) diversion I snapped into an animated world where I met Donald Duck and his three nephews, Huey, Dewey and Louie. When I awoke, gazing up at a circle of boys' laughing faces, I was as confused as if I had fallen down a chute into some other world or time, a fantasy land of funny faces and oddball events. That far-off locale, though, must be common stomping ground for the people who draw cartoons and comic strips. Is that where cartoonists go when they go to work? Perhaps it is.

Yet on the public streets they resemble law-abiding citizens. Even more so. Charles Schulz (*Peanuts*) is a lay preacher and looks like a lay preacher. *Mad's* maddest artist, Don Martin, could sell vacuum cleaners. Russell Myers, the creator of a world inhabited by a witch, a buzzard and a troll, is unnoticed among other joggers on Santa Barbara beaches and to look at him one would never dream that he contribut-

ed the word "SPLUP" to the language: the sound of a cream pie hitting a face. He keeps his hair closely cropped, makes tidy real estate investments and wears a watch. But in 60 minutes of eyes-closed imagining Myers can create a stack of comic gags and visualize them onto paper in rough sketches that will become the *Broom-Hilda* strip laughed at by millions of breakfast table readers.

Broom-Hilda Witch is probably the most familiar of all Myers' characters (and the randy old bat would get more familiar if only men would allow her). When Gaylord Buzzard laments that everywhere he goes, he finds nothing but sin. Broom-Hilda wants a map of where he's been. The last guy who was after her for her body was a mortician; she is 1500 years old, has green skin and lately has cut down her smoking to only one cigar at a time. Broom-Hilda's low self-image was apparently established at birth: Asked if her parents had preferred a boy or a girl, she replied, "Yes, I think they would have preferred that."

Irwin Troll, a dumb-aleck, is guileless and hairy. It has been said that he has the collective intelligence of three Pachinko machines, none of which is in working order. Irwin is the type who needs to carry his natural instincts on index



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JÜRGEN HILMER



"ANNUAL SALARY NEGOTIATIONS"



"I did this strip when I was 16 or 17 years old, and it shows the same thinking process that I use now. I can only do this one kind of quirky thing."



These strips were squelched by the syndicate on their way to your comics page, being considered in possible bad taste. In a demonstration that our taste is as bad as anyone else's, Santa Barbara Magazine reproduces them here.

cards; but his instincts are right. When he was highly allergic to some flowers Gaylord was holding (with whatever buzzards hold things with) Gaylord told him, "Dummy! These are plastic flowers." "Oh," Irwin replied, "then I must be allergic to progress."

Gaylord Buzzard grew from egghead to egghead, reading constantly and often playing the straight man. He is a touch neurotic. To the question, "If you could be anything in the world except what you are now, what would you be?" Gaylord replies, "Inferior." "Sometimes Gaylord is me," acknowledges his creator "and then, sometimes, he's not."

The three stars carry most of the action. "I can diversify their personalities enough to cover about any range of jokes," says Myers. "It works for me; some strips, like *Andy Capp*, have just two characters and *Beetle Bailey* has about twenty."

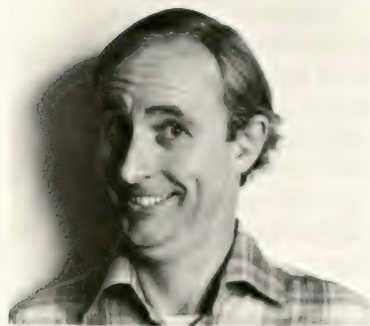
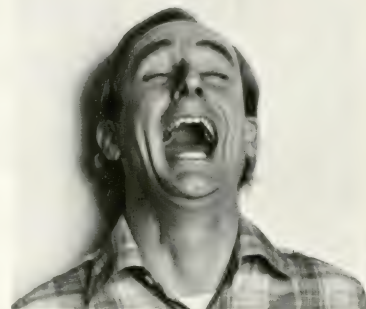
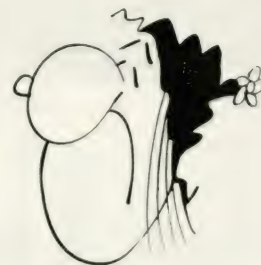
Broom-Hilda's supporting players include Gilda, a lady buzzard who returns each year with a new husband, the most recent so old that only his will keeps him alive—and it is his will that Gilda is interested in. There is Herschel, a pig who arrives for dinner and brings his own garbage can, and Marshall, a squeamish vampire, as well as assorted mailmen, park rangers and others. "Most of the time I'll think of a char-

acter and something for them to do for about a week," says Myers, "and then I can't think of anything else so they just go away."

One semi-regular who simply will *not* leave is the Grelber, who holds the Guinness Record for meanness. All we see of him is a set of fierce teeth and a peevish expression filling the end of a hollow log. He offers free insults and has a name for people who get too close to him: "Peg-leg."

"I set all this outdoors," notes Myers, "mainly because it's easier to draw outdoors than it is indoors." The shifting, somewhat surreal backdrops in *Broom-Hilda* are reminiscent of those in an older strip, *Krazy Kat*, created by George Herriman and now lionized as a work of genius. (Poet e.e. cummings wrote the introduction to a 1946 anthology of *Krazy's* misadventures with Ignatz Mouse and Offissa B. Pupp.)

"I don't draw like George Herriman," Myers explains, "but I do employ that technique" wherein landscapes become mindscapes. *Broom-Hilda's* Haunted Forest, with its free-form, non-specific scenery, is a Nowhere Land in which the humorous drama of *Everyman* is played out, foibles and all. Especially the foibles. We see ourselves, big as life, in this tiny world.



"What I did—and for all you cartoonists out there, here's my free hint—was to make a list of every emotion I could think of, about fifty things. Then I translated them all into facial expressions."

Too much analysis of the "hidden meanings" in cartoons, however, can be hazardous to the health of your funny bone. Books about comics are generally ponderous tomes full of thoughtful observations but not much whimsy. "I've never really done any analysis of humor," says Myers—perhaps the reason why his humor shines. Reduced to words, the secret of his humor is deceptively simple: "I just write what I think is funny."

Inspiration has come from outside himself as well as from within. A Myers pantheon would include Chester Gould's *Dick Tracy* of the 1940s and 1950s, Roy Crane's *Wash Tubbs* and *Captain Easy* along with the later *Buzz Sawyer*, and Carl Barks' *Uncle Scrooge*. Barks drew comic strips and books for Walt Disney, receiving no glory and very little of Scrooge's cash. Now he is a legend among comic buffs.

One of Myers' studio walls displays a prized Barks oil painting titled *The Sport of Tycoons*, which shows Scrooge swandiving (no pun intended) into his money bin full of change. Original artwork from other beloved strips—*Felix the Cat*, *Tarzan*—hangs all over the house. The collecting of these originals has become what Myers calls a "sneaky underground hobby," with fan magazines, conventions and price

guides for traders and sellers, who currently set a price of \$40 for a *Broom-Hilda* "daily" and \$75 for a Sunday strip. Being of recent vintage their values fall below those from the classic age of comics.

Yet their worth is, in another sense, immense, since it can be multiplied times millions of readers. *Broom-Hilda* appears in 200 newspapers; the syndicate collects as much as \$300 per paper per week, in the strip's largest market, "down to three dollars and a half," which it then splits with the cartoonist. (The amounts which papers pay for syndicated comic strips and features corresponds to their circulations. For the record, the \$1200 with which the *New York News* lured *Peanuts* from the *Post* tops the scale for comics.)

With this kind of opportunity to banish starving artist's syndrome, competition for the few slots on the comic page is keen. During Myers' ten years with Hallmark Cards in Kansas City, a productive but not especially profitable training ground for gag writers and artists, he submitted six strips to national syndicates and received six rejections. "I was probably one of the world's most accomplished failures," he says. "Every year, almost on schedule, I would do a strip, take it to New York, and fail. I became so adept that I could get on the



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plane at 8:00 a.m., get to New York, get rejected by the six major syndicates and be home in Kansas City by midnight. I got it down to one day. That only comes from years of practice."

Finally a friend in New York brought him into telephone contact with Elliot Caplin, Al Capp's brother, who had a vague idea for a strip about a witch named Broom-Hilda but no one to draw it. He asked Russell to mail some samples of his contemporary greeting cards; instead Caplin received six completed *Broom-Hilda* strips featuring the three main characters and introducing the free-flowing backdrops. It had taken Myers one weekend to turn out the dream of a lifetime. By Wednesday an enthusiastic Caplin, now the strip's business manager, had made the sale and *Broom-Hilda* bowed on April 20, 1970, wart and all, trailing a cloud of beer belches and cigar smoke.

The question remains, of course: Exactly where do Myers' funny ideas come from? "The answer for that is that I get them by sitting down and working," he says, "taking a pencil and blank pieces of paper and sitting there until I think of jokes. The longest I can go is an hour and a half—and I can't do that every day. If I try to overextend my head gets warped.

"Making up jokes usually goes something like this: 'What did I do this week? Let's see. Okay, I ate in a restaurant; I had shrimp.' So I thought up a strip today where the waiter comes up to Broom-Hilda's table and says, 'I'm your waiter, may I help you?' 'Let me have the shrimp,' she says. And all of a sudden out comes a tiny waiter who says, 'May I help you?'"

If daily life is not a running stream of gags Myers pans for nuggets in newspapers and magazines, sifting randomly through the text and using whatever word or phrase comes to hand as the basis for a joke. Clearly, the secret lies in the way he sees things. "That's experience, plus a natural ability," Myers feels, "an ability lots of people probably have. You'll meet people sometimes who are pretty funny, the guy who cuts your hair or puts tires on your car. My wife, Marina, says some very far-out, naturally funny things sometimes—but she doesn't know how to make them into three pictures."

If a particular joke is considered *too* far-out by Myers' editors at the Chicago Tribune Syndicate or its subscribing papers, it may be scissored out. So far he has lost very little material to the snippers, considering it a waste of work time to draw borderline jokes. (Some "cut-outs" appear on these pages.)

"There are obvious taboos," Myers says, "like masochism and whips and boots, but everything else falls in a gray area. Let's say that at one end of the spectrum is drawing for religious publications and at the other is pornography. How far you can go depends on your editors and also on who you are. I can probably get nastier than *Nancy*; *Doonesbury* can get nastier than I can. I'm in the middle ground," he estimates, "of permissible nastiness."

This middle way is typical of Myers, who leads what clergymen call an "exemplary life," neither smoking nor drinking. (Some cartoonists are known to favor an a.m. cocktail, but Russell argues that really, they are "just like other people. There are a lot of drunk accountants running around too. If my accountant reads this, I'm just kidding, Bob.")

Myers, 39, attributes his youthful appearance to "good food, exercise and sleep. We don't eat refined foods, sugar, not much salt—just food." He jogs three miles five days a week and "everything works" except his eyes: His glasses are thick prisms. "Want a cheap thrill?" he asks. "Look through

those glasses. Isn't that ghastly? That's approximately what I see without them." He has flat feet in addition to his eye troubles, but "everything in between is fine."

Bent over his drawing board, Myers is a study in focused energy. His work is fast, free and sloppy, well-detailed and full of mistakes which are later repaired with "white-out." ("Touching up is, I think, my greatest skill.") A daily strip is finished in an hour; four hours of rather furious drawing constitute a hard day. And, while many cartoonists look at a deadline the way other people might view a date with a firing squad, Myers turns in his strips early, drawing and inking and lettering them without assistants. "I keep it small, where I can control it," he says. "You can control your whole life that way."

Already ten months ahead of schedule, he is aiming at a year's margin. "I'm just very, very organized," he says, "which is in my opinion a good way to be. If you organize the essential details of your life, you have more time to lie around the yard and yawn." Typically, he changed his brand of pen not long ago, having discovered that the new one saves him six minutes on each strip.

In his extra time Myers has studied the real estate market and made a few careful acquisitions. He is a conservative investor and, with his penchant for detail, keeps the family books. "Contrary to popular opinion," he says, "to quote Gaylord Buzzard who quoted me, I do not have the first dollar I ever owned. However," he notes, "I do have the name and address of its second owner."

Myers' combination of sense and nonsense is an enigma, something like finding out that the Marx Brothers had PhD's in finance. How do people this whacky find time to think straight?

Apparently it can be done. Myers is involved in a hopper full of projects, including paperback books and *Broom-Hilda* dolls, as well as an NBC Television animated special on which he has toiled for two years. "I think it's very funny," he says, "but then what do I know? It has some good visual laughs and it's not something that just lies there and falls out of your TV set on the floor."

The show will surely swell the numbers of *Broom-Hilda's* devotees. Russell already receives a "steady trickle" of fan mail, some from budding cartoonists and some from seasoned opportunists. "There's a 'gimme' form letter you get from people," he points out, "the first paragraph telling you how great you are, the second telling you what they want. When I was a kid, I wrote it too."

He is now an American morning ritual, like corn flakes and toaster waffles. But he keeps to himself; awards like his 1975 National Cartoonists' Society recognition for Best Humor Strip seem to slightly embarrass him; he declines most invitations to speak.

Russell Myers is content to stay home. He delights in Marina and their three-and-a-half-year-old son, Stewart; car washing, lawn mowing, the homely activities please him. A trip to town is a "big adventure." And he is content to remain in the off-center, wobbly world of *Broom-Hilda*, where afternoons are spent resting up after a hard nap, where levity floats in balloons, and where dinner is a popcorn sandwich.

Santa Barbara Magazine gratefully acknowledges Russell Myers for the cartoons and illustrations which accompany this article.



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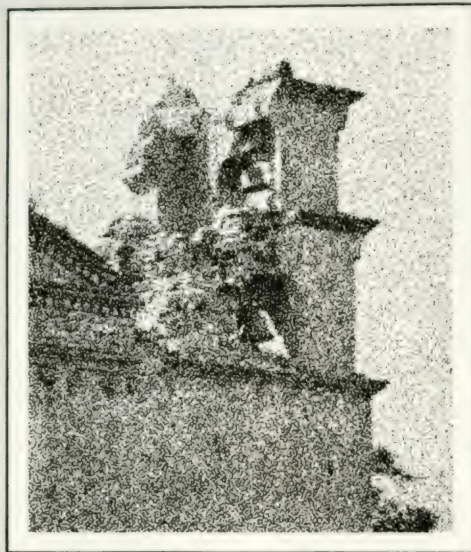
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THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE

BY WALKER A. TOMPKINS

At 3:31 a.m. on Monday, June 29, 1925, the stylus of a temperature gauge at the city gas works on Quarantina Street suddenly jiggled. It had recorded a minuscule earth tremor on the revolving cardboard disk of the instrument. At that same instant in a smoke-fouled upstairs gambling room at the Chinese josshouse on Canon Perdido Street, a caged canary awakened with a chirp of alarm which caused a fantan player to comment, "the underground dragon has turned over in his sleep." Out on the Langman ranch in the Goleta Valley a flock of buzzards was seen quitting their perches atop a lofty eucalyptus grove. In the bedroom of his home on the Mesa, city manager Herbert Nunn sat straight up in bed, reacting to a strange odor of petroleum riding the night breeze off the channel. The hands of his clock stood at 3:31.

HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF
WALKER A. TOMPKINS AND HENRY L. FECHTMAN
DESIGN BY JOHN ALEXANDER

Animals, unlike humans, apparently sensed that an earthquake was imminent.

(Preceding page) The view up State Street, or what was left of it, from the corner of Canon Perdido. The Granada Building is in the background.

(Below) The San Marcos Building.



The gas company's sensitive gauge registered recurrent earth vibrations at ten minute intervals until daybreak, all of them too slight to be noted by night workers, but all harbingers of disaster.

The sun lifted over the Guadalupe Hills at 4:43. Early-rising citizens noticed an unusual agitation among their backyard chickens, which they passed off as alarm caused by prowling cats. But coyotes were howling in the foothill chaparral, which was odd, and dogs and farm animals appeared strangely restless. Animals, unlike humans, apparently sensed that an earthquake was imminent.

Unaware of approaching danger, citizens of Santa Barbara started their day as usual. Dr. J. C. Angle, a dentist with offices in the San Marcos Building at State and Anapamu Streets, drove downtown before six o'clock to finish up some lab work before leaving for Los Angeles for the day. Through his office window he could see a city employee busy with a push broom and litter cart, brushing up

(Below) A haywired radio transmitter, powered by auto batteries and grounded to the street car tracks, was set up on a card table on State Street.



trash which the mechanized street sweeper had missed along the curb in front of the main U.S. Post Office (now the Museum of Art).

In the choir loft at the Old Mission, Augustine Holbrecht OFM, father superior of the resident friars, was singing at early mass. At the lower end of State Street, a jogger named Vitus Hathaway reached the foot of Stearns Wharf and turned west along the beach, taking his customary morning constitutional. These people were unaware that they would be participants in the greatest disaster in Santa Barbara history.

At 6:30 the Westminster chimes in the tower of the Fithian Building sounded the half hour for the last time. It was exactly a dozen minutes later, at 6:42 a.m., that the city kept its dramatic appointment with fate.

From somewhere deep underground was heard a soul-chilling roar of rock grating on rock. It was accompanied by a jolting shock which rippled northwester-



ly along the earth fracture labeled the Mesa Fault by geologists. Believed to originate under the channel floor south-east of Stearns Wharf, the fault flanks the base of the Mesa bluffs (actually a scarp formed by some prehistoric subsidence of the earth), crosses the West Side and reaches open flatland which was a hayfield in 1925, but which today is known as La Cumbre Plaza shopping center. Here the Mesa Fault intersects the major More Ranch-Mission Ridge Fault, which begins near the Goleta Slough and runs easterly past the Riviera, under Sheffield Dam and reservoir, and as far east as Ventura County.

According to extensive research conducted by geologists Dr. Arthur G. Sylvester of UCSB and Professor Phil Olson of Santa Barbara City College, the Santa Barbara quake of 1925 measured 6.3 on the Richter scale and was epicentered under Santa Barbara Channel. The jolt along the northwest-trending Mesa Fault triggered a simultaneous slippage of the



(Left) The Californian Hotel.



(Left) The Court House (note the columns askew), which was eventually condemned.

(Below) Outdoor banking during the city's rebuilding.



east-west More Ranch Fault. The result was a double whammy for the sleeping city of Santa Barbara during which, for 17 interminable seconds, all hell broke loose.

The Anapamu Street wing of the San Marcos Building rocked east and west to hammer the adjoining State Street wing, causing the four-story corner section of the L-shaped structure to collapse in a heap of rubble on what today is the site of the Woolworth store. Later, rescue workers found the crushed body of Dr. Angle, believed to have been the first casualty in the Big Shake.

Across State Street, with dust still boiling skyward from the San Marcos Building, the anonymous street sweeper went dazedly on with his task of brooming litter into his dust pan, although now the litter was mingled with rock and brick and kindling wood debris.

Out at the Old Mission, Fr. Augustine was knocked to the floor of the ancient choir loft as the century-old bell towers of

the church toppled overhead, with bells which had been cast in Peru and Spain in the 16th century clanging a macabre knell for the stricken city as they dangled askew on their yokes. The venerable friar, attempting to escape, tumbled through a gaping hole in an upstairs corridor of the monastery and plunged into a museum room on the ground floor, emerging shaken but uninjured.

Over on the Mesa, city manager Nunn, in the act of getting up, was flung backward on his bed by the initial temblor. His attempts to reach the shelter of a nearby doorway were described later as being akin to lurching across the deck of a ship in a typhoon. For Nunn, a 48 hour work period lay ahead, without rest.

Incredibly, beach jogger Vitus Hathaway felt no earth motion at all, even though he was squarely atop the Mesa Fault where it crossed West Beach. He noticed that the age-old landmark of Castle Rock, around the point east of today's La Playa Stadium, had mysteriously

cracked. But not until Hathaway had jogged back to State Street and turned inland did he realize that something unusual had occurred. Smokelike dust had put a pall over the cityscape, but not enough to hide the fact that most of the shabby buildings lining lower State Street had dumped their stone and brick facades on the empty sidewalks. Had the shake come an hour or so later, the pedestrian death toll would have been enormous.

Nearby, at 35 State Street, Hathaway stared at the Californian Hotel, a steel-frame, four-story structure which had had its grand opening only four days be-

Walker A. Tompkins, our well-known local historian, broke into pulp western magazines at age 21, receiving his nickname, "Two Gun Tompkins." After writing 35 books he turned briefly to television, creating scripts for "The Cisco Kid", "Death Valley Days" and "The Lone Ranger." Later he settled on biography and history, with a specialty in the Santa Barbara area, and he is now preparing his fiftieth book.

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fore. Now its brick walls lay pulverized like breadcrumbs on all four sides, exposing the tiers of interior rooms like cells in a honeycomb, where guests were frantically tying bedsheets to plumbing fixtures and sliding down to safety.

A guest who had registered at the Californian Hotel the night before, and who had played poker with friends until the wee hours, recounted afterwards that he was awakened in his second-story room by the sun blazing in his eyes. Still in an alcoholic hangover, he climbed out of bed, failing to notice that the floor sagged at a strange tilt, and staggered over to reach the window and pull down the shade.

"I couldn't find the windowshade pull," he recalled. "To tell the truth, I couldn't find the window. In my confusion it took me some time to realize I had apparently rented a room which didn't have an outside wall, which I felt was carrying cross-ventilation a bit far. I peered over the edge and was shocked cold sober when I found myself looking down into the very room where I had played poker most of the night. Believe me, I swore off liquor then and there."

Over at the Southern Counties Gas Company plant on the East Side, an alert engineer about to go off duty, Henry Ketz, had spun a master valve to stop the flow of gas to Santa Barbara's network of mains. By that act Ketz became an instant, if unsung hero, for he had spared Santa Barbara the holocaust which had destroyed much of San Francisco after the earthquake of April 1906. His quick thinking was matched by that of night watchman V. N. Engle, on duty at the Edison power plant on lower Castillo Street. He clawed his way through a tangle of wreckage and, at the risk of electrocuting himself, managed to pull a master switch to cut the high voltage from the countless arcing tangles of power lines scattered throughout the downtown area.

(Incredibly, fire department records show that only one minor blaze occurred in Santa Barbara the morning of the Big Shake. It involved an ignition system blaze in an Enterprise Laundry truck parked in front of Parma's store in the 700 block of State Street, a fire which had no relation to the earthquake.)

To the west, at the far end of the Mesa, the Santa Barbara government lighthouse, built in 1856 and long a tourist attraction second only to the Queen of the Missions, had its 30 foot tower toppled like a bowling pin. On the north side of the Riviera, a major casualty was Shef-



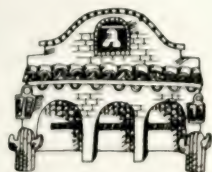
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field Reservoir, 650 feet above sea level (and, as scientists were later to prove, directly above the More Ranch Fault). The reservoir waters were impounded behind an earthfill dam measuring 25 feet high and 800 feet long, with an outer crust of concrete. When the subterranean upheaval occurred, Sheffield Dam disintegrated like an overturned jigsaw puzzle. The breach released 45 million gallons of stored water from Gibraltar Lake via Mission Tunnel, which formed a thundering wall sluicing into scenic Sycamore Canyon (locus of the disastrous summer 1977 brush fire which destroyed over 250 homes) and churned its way to the sea, spreading into a lake which covered the lower Milpas district to a depth of two feet. Miraculously, there was no loss of human life.

The destruction of Sheffield Reservoir is reportedly the only case in engineering history where a seismic disturbance breached an earthfill dam, although the Sylmar, California quake of 1972 did heavy damage to the Van Norman Dam, another allegedly earthquake-proof earthfill barrier. It did not fail, but it had to be abandoned.

Several witnesses reported that earth waves were actually visible in the East Beach area, coming in under the surf and across the land surface. These reports were verified by the fact that heavy-gauge steel rails on the streetcar line between Stearns Wharf and the Bird Refuge were snapped and twisted, while thick asphalt and concrete paving on the waterfront boulevard buckled and shattered like sugar crusting on a cake.

Supposedly earthquake-proof steel frame buildings, such as the Central (Balboa) Building and its sister structure, the Carrillo Hotel, remained standing but required costly repairs and reinforcement. The same was true for Santa Barbara's only "skyscraper," the Granada Building. As a direct result of its 1925 earthquake experience, Santa Barbara law now prohibits any building to exceed four stories.

Santa Barbara's leading hotel, the New Arlington (the Biltmore was still two years in the future, and the Potter had burned down four years prior to the Big Shake), dated from 1912 and was in the Mission style of architecture. One of its two dummy bell towers concealed a 60,000 gallon water tank under its dome. The earthquake started the water sloshing from side to side until the oscillations caused the tank to plummet four floors to ground level, killing two occupants of de-



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The public library, dating from 1917 at the corner of Anapamu and Anacapa Streets (it is slated for rebuilding in 1978) lost both its east and west fronts. Across the street the Roman-domed county courthouse, built in 1872, sustained damage enough to cause it to be condemned, its Corinthian columns ominously askew. The city jail and hall of records facing the corner of Figueroa and Anacapa Streets lost their roofs and the county clerk's filing cabinets were upset, spewing the records of a hundred years onto the floor. These were not completely unscrambled until a microfilming project was completed in the early 1970s, almost half a century after the disaster.

Elsewhere, Santa Barbara's first modern office building, the Cook or Upper Clock Building at the southeast corner of State and Carrillo Streets, had to be razed, as was the third story and Westminster chimes tower of the Fithian Building (now called the Park Building) at State and Ortega Streets. The three-story brick St. Vincent's Orphanage in the 900 block of De la Vina Street lost its roof and top floor also.

The original Santa Barbara High School building of 1901 at the corner of Anapamu and De la Vina Streets, now the site of a lawn bowling clubhouse, was a stone block structure which collapsed. Fortunately it had been replaced only a year before by a new school at East Anapamu and Nopal Streets, a facility which withstood the shake. It would probably have burned down had it not been for the heroic efforts of teacher Roscoe Lyons, who put out a fire caused by spilled chemicals in a classroom laboratory.

Other schools, fortunately empty because of summer vacation and the early hour, did not fare well. The Wilson, McKinley and Lincoln schools were shattered beyond repair. Franklin and Roosevelt, built to identical blueprints only a year previously, escaped serious damage.

The County General Hospital west of town, and St. Francis Hospital on the slope of Mission Ridge, sustained such heavy damage that patients had to be evacuated. They were transferred to Cottage Hospital, which remained intact.

Considering the fact that Santa Barbara had a population of 25,000 at the time, the toll of human life and limb was incredibly low: thirteen dead and only 29 injured seriously enough to require hospital treatment.

The reaction of Santa Barbara citizens to the earthquake that morning remains a

study in human valor. Recovering from their initial shock and terror, citizens set about helping each other. By 8:30 a.m., Lt. Harvey L. Kiler had local Naval Reserve militiamen patrolling the streets, assisting police and firemen in controlling traffic and preventing looters from entering stores which had lost walls or windows.

Despite the lack of electric power, two young wireless hobbyists, Graham George and Brandon Wentworth, were successful in setting up emergency communications with the outside world. These enterprising ham operators began by salvaging a superheterodyne receiver out of the window display of a wrecked



Our Lady of Sorrows Church at State and Figueroa Streets, whose brick facade fell off its framework. Looters stole the altar vessels of gold and silver.

store. They hung an antenna across State Street and found batteries to power the set.

"In those days about the only radio station you could be sure of pulling in was KFI in Los Angeles," George recalls. "We tuned in KFI and were relieved to find them playing music and reading weather reports as usual, which dispelled the rumors that the quake had leveled Los Angeles. In fact, Angelenos were totally unaware that a major disaster had struck the coast 90 miles to the north. As it turned out, Santa Barbara and the South Coast was the only area damaged."

Graham and Wentworth assembled a Ford spark coil, storage batteries from wrecked cars, a key from the Western Union office, and haywired themselves a "breadboard" spark-gap radio transmitter which they set up on a bridge table in the middle of State Street, using the street-car tracks for a ground connection.

Wentworth tapped out an SOS. The distress call was picked up by the wireless operator aboard an oil tanker at sea. He relayed the terrible news to Coast Guard authorities in Long Beach, who in turn alerted the U.S. Naval Base in San Diego, home port of the Pacific Fleet. The battleship *Arkansas*, carrying medical supplies and a platoon of United States Marines, was immediately dispatched to Santa

Barbara's aid.

The Southern Pacific, which lost its locomotive roundhouse on East Beach, reported its telegraph line to Los Angeles was open and ready to handle emergency traffic out of Santa Barbara.

The city mayor on the morning of the earthquake was C. M. Andera, a State Street clothing merchant who set up emergency headquarters at the undamaged, year-old city hall and co-ordinated relief and rescue efforts for days to come. Emergency services such as the American Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Naval Reserve and the Chamber of Commerce erected field offices under canvas on the greensward of De la Guerra Plaza fronting city hall before the morning was spent.

Tom Storke, publisher of the *Daily News*, had his four-year-old building overlooking the plaza closed to his employees until it was ascertained that the structure was safe to enter. Storke moved a job press out onto the plaza, borrowed a small gasoline engine from Ott's Hardware Store and published a number of single-sheet "earthquake extras" to keep the populace abreast of developments during the day. His rival editor, Reginald Fernald of the *Morning Press* (the two newspapers merged to form the *Santa Barbara News-Press* during the early years of the Depression), also issued earthquake extras. Both have become collectors' items.

God had not exempted His houses of worship from damage. In addition to the Old Mission towers, the original Our Lady of Sorrows Church, an outgrowth of the Royal Presidio chapel of 1782 located at State and Figueroa Streets, had to be torn down and rebuilt on another site. Similarly damaged was the stone block edifice of Trinity Episcopal Church at State and Micheltorena, which was rebuilt with the same vulnerable materials. Lesser damage was inflicted on the First Presbyterian Church on Anapamu Street and All Saints by the Sea Episcopal Church in Montecito. During the weeks following the Big Shake, many congregations worshipped out-of-doors at Alameda Plaza and other city parks.

There was good news as well. More modern reinforced concrete buildings withstood the earthquake with little or no damage: the new high school, the Lobero Theater, City Hall, the Masonic Temple, the Post Office. Still intact was rickety Stearns Wharf, the venerable Casa de la Guerra dating from 1827, and the popular tourist attractions of El Paseo,

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the Street in Spain, and the Meridian Studios.

Postmaster James B. Rickard, taking no chances, moved his postal workers into a garage near the railroad station on lower Chapala Street and kept the mail moving efficiently. The city's financial institutions, vital to its recovery, opened temporary offices in front of the Recreation Center on Carrillo Street. Ira C. Kramer, a prominent realtor, organized the Boy Scouts as message bearers.

Shortly before midnight the battleship *Arkansas* dropped anchor off Stearns Wharf, responding to the ham radio SOS call of that morning. The Navy rushed its Marines ashore, turned over tons of relief supplies and strung submarine power cables from ship to shore to supply electricity for the city until power lines could be repaired. For several weeks thereafter the Marines bivouacked in a city of pup tents on the football gridiron of the high school's Peabody Stadium.

Aftershocks kept the populace in a state of jitters for weeks, more than a thousand of them being recorded. Hundreds slept on mattresses or blankets spread in back yards or in public parks. Thousands of families did their cooking out-of-doors, to the delight of the small fry, until they felt it was safe to retire indoors.

Even on Quake Day, American humor under stress manifested itself. A merchant displayed a sign reading:

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Property damage was assessed at \$15 million—about a tenth of what it would be today. While the quake caused a temporary exodus of property owners, and real estate values plummeted to all-time lows, Santa Barbara made a quick economic recovery.

Many historians refer to the 1925 earthquake as a blessing in disguise. The town, that fateful morning of June 29, presented an architecturally jumbled face to the world. Well-built structures withstood the shocks; only the jerry-built houses and stores were expunged by the earthquake, almost as if Providence had taken a broom to a gigantic urban renewal project, cleaning out in one swoop most of Santa Barbara's ugliness.

Out of the ruins emerged the Santa Barbara which is famous around the world for its unique Hispanic-Mediterranean image, envied by cosmopolites as one of the most beautiful cities in America.

The metamorphosis from grub to butterfly was directly due to the Big Shake of '25, which in that light must be regarded

as the labor pains of a municipal rebirth accomplished by means of architectural review, rigidly enforced zoning controls, and building codes.

Did Santa Barbara profit from its earthquake experience? Newcomers sometimes wonder. They see expensive homes being built on stilts to jut over steep hillsides like open drawers in a dresser. They see brickwork still being used on building facades. Massive stone blocks give romantic atmosphere to the fabulous "Castle in Spain" which in 1928 replaced the original county courthouse, but would that masonry survive another big shock? And why was Sheffield Dam rebuilt on the site of the original? Did engineers assume that the More Ranch Fault on which it sits would remain dormant forever? In 1925 the path of released floodwaters was sparsely populated and no drownings occurred. Today the area is heavily built up. And why was Robinson's department store built above the "hot spot" where two major faults intersect?

Engineers are confident that today's building technology makes construction quake-resistant. As for the man in the street, he prefers to risk a quake every 50 years or so to a Midwestern tornado or East Coast hurricane every year.



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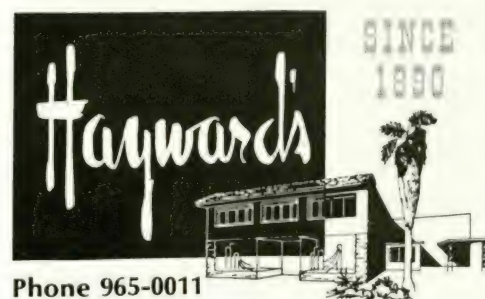


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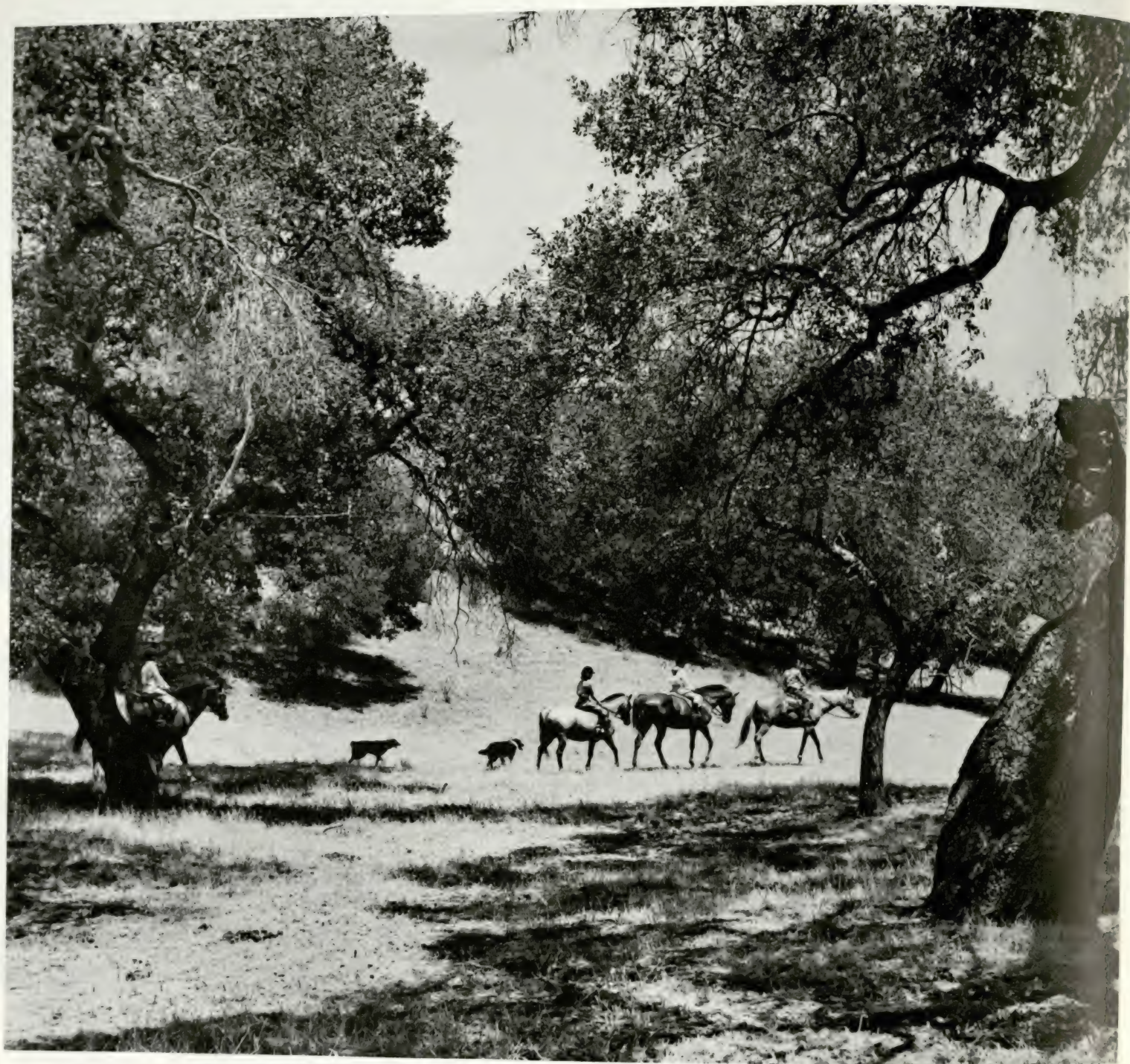


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JOHN PEDERSEN

Stained Glass: The Captive Rainbow

By Harriette von Breton

The renaissance of stained glass as an element of architecture is visible all around us. Eye-catching, commercially produced glass adorns restaurants, shops and residences, and among artists there is a revived interest in using this almost magical medium as their vehicle for expression, as their palette.

Two such artists, Robert Howard and Phil McKenna of the Sun Studio (906 West Mission), have just completed an

extraordinary project, an all-glass cylindrical floor lamp 13 inches in diameter and five and a half feet high. Its development required months of experimentation, particularly with the technique of "slumping" glass. Slumping is accomplished by reheating glass to 1200 degrees Fahrenheit, the precise temperature at which it will sag. Then it is laid over a form to harden into the desired shape, creating sculptural and architectural

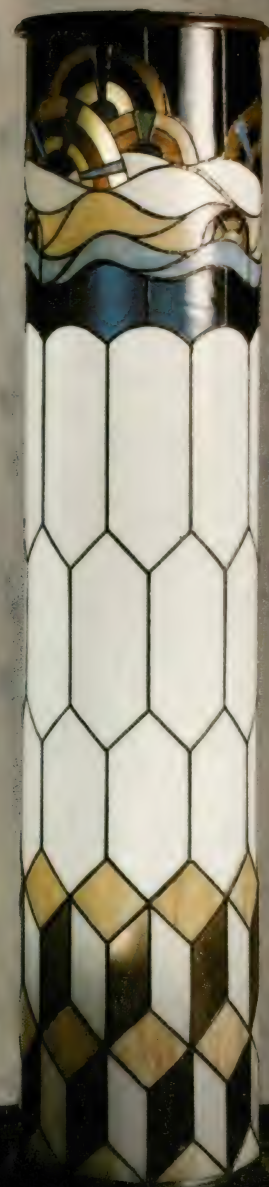


ROBERT HOWARD AND PHIL MCKENNA

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pieces. These are joined with the use of copper foil, a technique developed by Louis Comfort Tiffany in the early 1900s which has freed glassmakers from two serious limitations. First, they can now use smaller pieces for more detailed designs than were possible with the older lead-bound stained glass. Second, glass craftsmen are no longer limited to flat forms, like windows, because the copper foil creates a light, structurally sound unit.

Howard and McKenna's innovative lamp links several types of glass made in Europe and America. American glass from the older manufacturers is machine-made, poured from huge vats like candy and flattened to a uniform thickness. Generally it is opaque and sometimes marbled. With the renewed interest in stained glass during the past five years, three new foundries have been established on the West Coast which specialize in the hand casting of glass. The molten material is ladled out and pressed between two rollers like a pizza dough; the result is glass with a varying texture, often with ripples, ranging from translucent to opaque. European glass makers, mostly Germans, produce a clear glass called "antique" for its wavy quality which distorts images like old-fashioned glass from the turn of the century. It is hand-blown into cylinders, then cut lengthwise; the pieces are allowed to settle flat on the oven bottom and then removed to cool.

The lamp made by Howard and McKenna incorporates antique German glass, hand-cast glass from Portland, and German machine-made glass; design elements which appear in this prototype include geometric and free forms. From the lamp's base, with its rectilinear outlines, the lamp rises to a burst of horizontal designs and vivid colors at the top. The huge lamp's ceramic brick base is set on casters for easy mobility in a room.

This marriage of functional, mobile and dimensional aspects opens the way to a new appreciation of stained glass, not only as an element of architecture but as an almost virgin medium for the fine arts.

"Quality and elegant simplicity are the key elements in our designs," say Howard and McKenna. "We are interested in reducing the idea to its most basic statement. The distinguishing feature of stained glass is the purity and intensity of the light which is transmitted through it. No other medium has such an intimate relationship with light."

As is the case with other artists who work in media with commercial applications, Howard and McKenna have learned more than craftsmanship. "Working for oneself in an artistic endeavor that must be run like a business is a challenge," says McKenna. "Art and business are not at all contradictory; the same qualities of sensitivity and insight that apply to art, when directed toward business, can build an interesting enterprise. It's nice to know that your job is to create beauty."

These two talented men, both graduates of UCSB (Howard with an M.F.A. in 1973 and McKenna with a B.A. in 1972) are producing custom made, signed pieces as well as the more usual windows, doors and skylights. Their work can be seen at the Elizabeth Fortner Gallery in Piccadilly Square (813 State Street).

Another successful local glass craftsman is Steven Handelman. He has a long list of private and commercial clients for whom he produces stained, etched and beveled glass fashioned into doors, windows, headboards, skylights, room dividers, lampshades, signs and storefronts. The past year has been enormously productive for Handelman, who arrived here in 1973 from St. Louis where he had been designing and manufacturing accessories in leather. He became interested in stained glass as a more exciting medium to showcase his design talents.

His largest commercial piece is a window measuring more than 300 square feet which he designed for a restaurant in Santa Rosa. It is a series of radiating arcs, mounted in a solid-beamed frame, using transparent glass so that ambient light will illuminate the restaurant's dark

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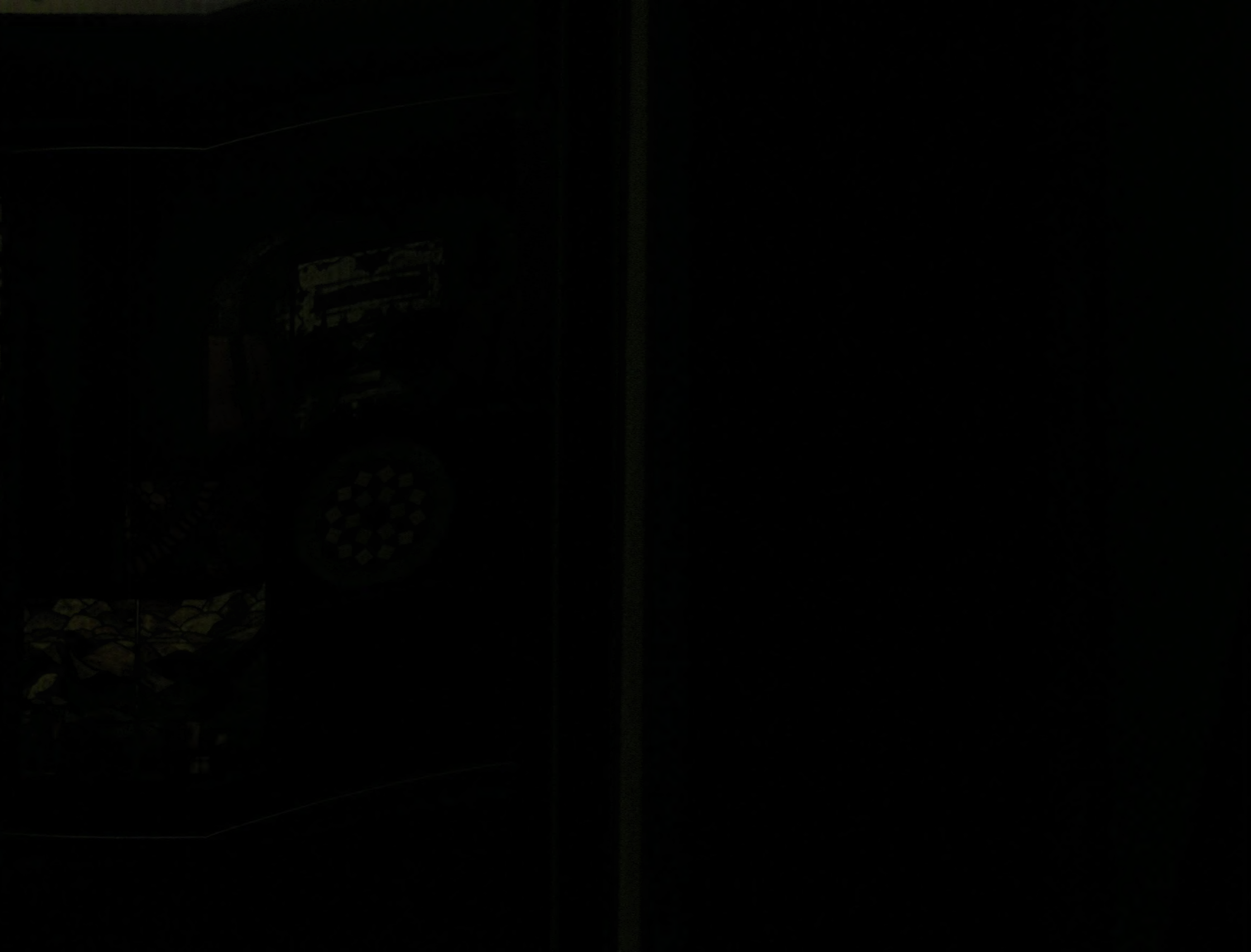
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wood interior. Handelman's work can be seen at Steven Handelman Studios (2101 Chapala Street).

A fourth noteworthy Santa Barbara artist in stained glass is Elias Chiacos, a designer with obvious originality and sensitivity who has been working in the area for three years, having learned the craft from John Pedersen (below). "Glass always seemed like an exciting medium," says Chiacos, "but I felt it was used in a somewhat garish way. I wanted to explore the subtleties of glass and attempt a synthesis of classical techniques and innovative designs." His work, too, can be seen at the Elizabeth Fortner Gallery; his

studio is located at 469 Mountain Drive.

John Pedersen and Nadya Penoff of the Elemental Earth Shop (130 East Canon Perdido Street) work together on design and production and are also suppliers of art glass. They grew up in Santa Barbara, were educated at UCSB, and became involved with stained glass making in 1970, after John's father, a glass craftsman, brought back from Denmark a large box of glass scraps with which John experimented. One of the first in the area to produce art glass, John decided to open a shop, teaching at the same time at UCSB in the Cultural Arts Department. His wife, Nadya, started designing with him in 1972; together they have produced

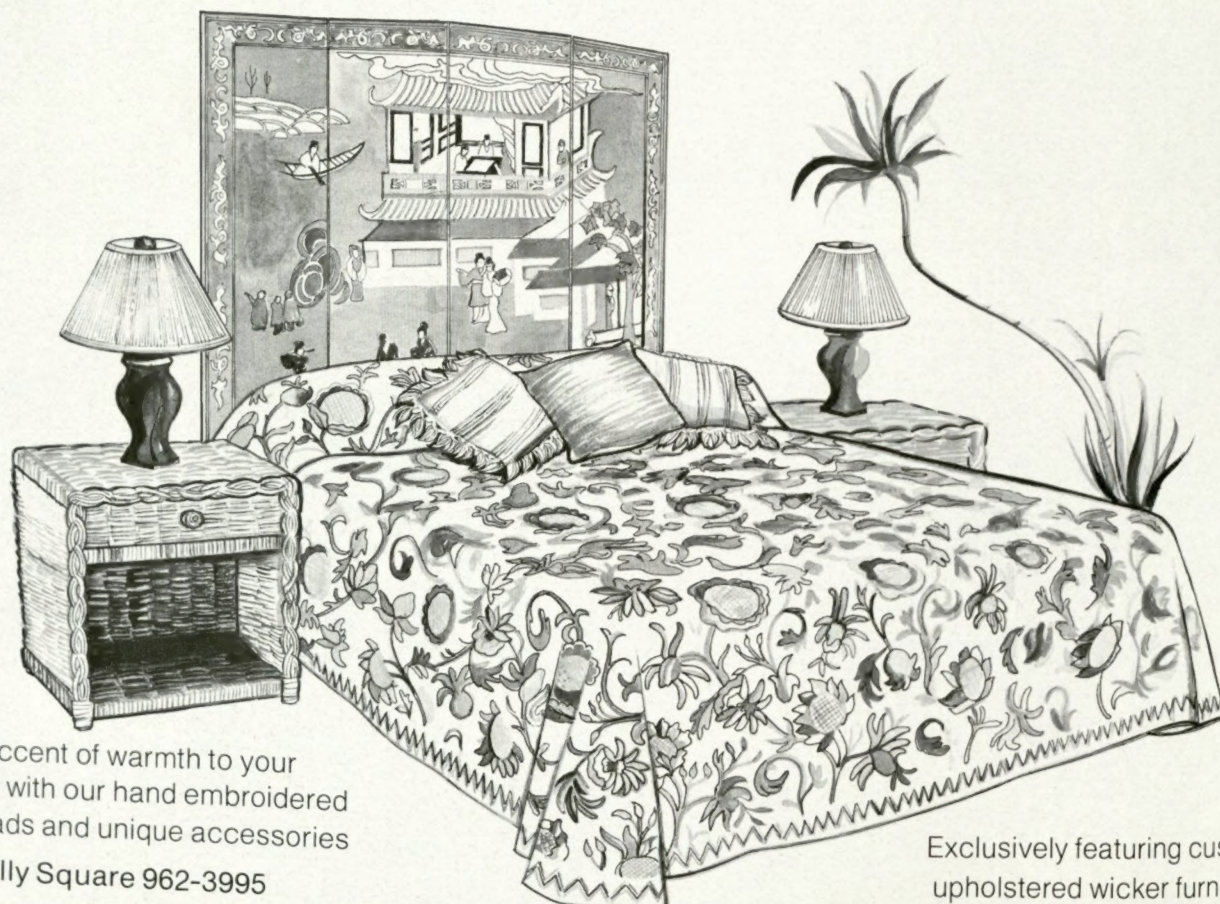
many original pieces for various clients and were recently commissioned to make 26 windows for ten residences in the El Descanso project located at State and Constance Streets.

Elemental Earth carries the largest stock of imported hand-blown glass, domestic cathedral glass (a textured product resembling colored "bathroom" glass) and opalescent glass in the tri-counties. The shop also stocks glass-making patterns and instructional books, and conducts classes. (Pederson and his associate, Chuck Abraham, are teachers at Adult Education as well.)

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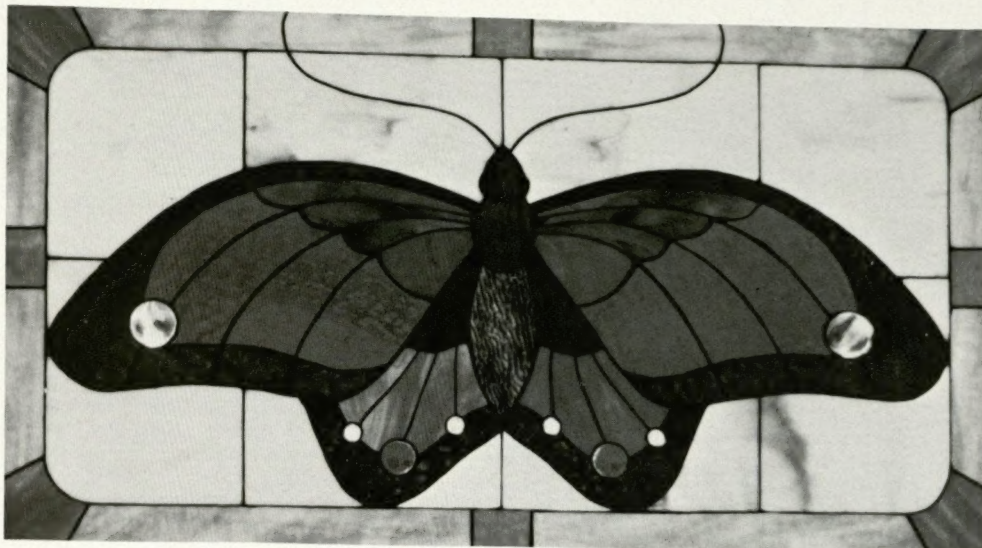


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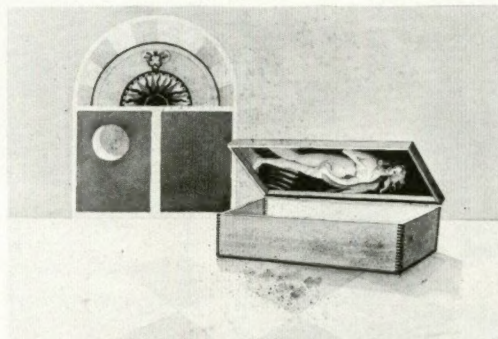
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